F-46.103
T3713
1854

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
5740

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
DEC 8 1933
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SONGS IN THE NIGHT:

OR

HYMNS

FOR THE

Sick and Suffering.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. A. C. THOMPSON

Where is God, my Maker,
Who giveth Songs in the Night? — *Job* xxxv. 10.

THIRD EDITION.

BOSTON:
S. K. WHIPPLE AND COMPANY,
100 WASHINGTON STREET.
1854.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
S. K. Whipple and Company,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY, STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

So far as is known to the compiler, this volume, in its previous edition, was the first of the kind published in this country. Within a few years past, several collections similar in their general character have appeared in England. German literature, too, is any thing but deficient in this department. A specimen may be found in Knapp's *Liederschatz*, B. II., where it will be seen, that hymns 3057–3081 are expressly for the sick. There have also been, for many years, distinct collections in that language: Lavater's *Lieder für Leidende*, "Hymns for Sufferers," 1787, 8vo. — *Auswahl der besten Trostgesänge für Leidende, von J. S. Fest*, "Selections of the

Best Consolatory Songs for Sufferers," Leipsic, 1789, 8vo.

That such collections are desirable would seem quite obvious. The sick and suffering are gen erally unable to listen or to read, with attention, for any length of time continuously. An adaptation, therefore, to their case will be found in the brevity of these lyrical productions. There is also a special adaptation to their case in suitable poetry, which, by its condensed and harmonious form of expression, arrests and tranquillizes the mind beyond any other mode of human address.

Most of the pieces in the following collection, it is presumed, are not familiarly known in this country. A few, however, have been inserted because of their familiarity, their acknowledged excellence, and particular adaptation to the design of this volume.

It will probably be found, that, so far as suited to lyrical purposes, the more usual and more important circumstances and spiritual necessities of the sick-room have been specifically remembered in this collection. A passage of Scripture,

entire or in part, is prefixed to each hymn, that the best of all comforters and instructors may be kept constantly in mind. The hope is entertained, that, where wearisome days and nights are appointed, this volume will, in numberless instances, answer the question, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no Physician there?"

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

http://archive.org/details/toufferin00thom

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO

THE INVALID.

Of few days and full of trouble; such is an epitome of human life. You, my friend, are now ready to admit the truth of this. You are laboring under disease. Former activity has given place to confinement. Your situation is that of disappointment, irksomeness, and pain. A word of Christian interest cannot be unacceptable to you. As one who by experience is not wholly unacquainted with your case, let me suggest a few things.

You have been asking yourself in the retirement of this room, Why is it that I — why is it that man should be heir to so much suffering? Evidently and only because of so much sin. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. All suf-

fering is penal. The pains you now undergo form a part of what is wrapped up in that comprehensive and ponderous word, "death." The sickness and other evils incident to our fallen state are one mighty expression of God's displeasure at sin. Every pain endured by man since the apostasy has been a punitive messenger reminding how dreadful is human guilt. You will not understand me as intimating that retribution is limited to the present life. No, the transient paroxysm, and the intermittent burning now felt, are only precursors of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. Bear in mind, then, that one design of this sickness is to impress upon you the fact of universal sinfulness and the consequent curse, and of your participation in the same. Do you penitently admit your own sinfulness? Do you feel your utter moral helplessness? Do you see convincingly your need of an almighty Saviour? For thus saith the Lord, Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous. There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up; thou hast no healing medicines. Will you not, then, cry to the great Physician, Lord Jesus, have mercy on me?

But it is also true, a present Providence has ordered your sickness. You have spoken of an

hereditary predisposition, a certain exposure, an over-exertion, with which your illness seems to stand connected. This is proper. But beware of suffering such an expression as "It happened thus or thus," to beguile you into a denial of God's constant inspection and control of the events — the minutest even — of your whole life. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. And affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. Wearisome nights are *appointed* unto you. God has laid you upon this bed. As truly has he done it, as if his unseen hand had become visible in conducting you hither.

Your thoughts have probably anticipated me in saying that resignation, complete resignation, is justly claimed of you. Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins? There is infinite propriety in your suffering thus. Meek submission to it, therefore, as merited, and more than merited, is what God challenges first of all. Be still, and know that I am God. An approving apprehension of his justice is as indispensable as of his goodness. Neither can exist acceptably to him without the other.

And can you not at this moment see occasion for both? Is the full measure of your deserts

meted out to you? The rod is indeed applied, but it is not the scorpion. You are not lifting up your eyes in torment, in devouring flames. Mercies are mingled with judgments. Kindness and severity are blended mysteriously in your case, as in the case of every sinner while in probation. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. In every stroke of his rod, in every pain, there is also a fatherly forbearance. Strict justice demands everlasting and unmitigated misery, and the full and penitent admission of this God insists upon. You seem to look distrustful, as if this were a strange or a hard doctrine. But, my friend, I dare not deal an opiate doctrine. God has bidden me speak to you affectionately, yet plainly and solemnly. Woe is unto me if I administer what shall benumb your conscience. Unwarranted consolation would stupefy only to destroy.

But you are a professed Christian. God is now applying a test, that you may know whether you are truly such; and, if so, that you may become more eminently such. He has placed you in the alembic of suffering. It may seem to you, that in the process there is intensity, and even fury, yet all that he does is needful. It is not in anger that the refiner puts the precious metal into the fire. David could say, — I was dumb, I

opened not my mouth, because thou didst it. Can you say the same? — that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom, having not seen, you love; in whom, though now you see him not, yet, believing, you rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Is this true of you? Is Christ in you the hope of glory? Does your soul rest on him, cleave to him, as its sole hope of salvation? Look to Mount Calvary. Do you view him, who bleeds there, as the Lamb of God, suffering vicariously for you? Do you see how Divine justice is there vindicated? Do you see a flood of glory, that illuminates heaven and earth, pouring from that rude cross? "My Lord and my God!" — Is that the profession of your faith? Does Christ, as your atoning and interceding High-Priest, sway your soul supremely and irresistibly?

It is your hope — it is mine too — that you are a Christian. But to the Christian Christ is all in all. These sufferings of yours should serve as a constant memento of Christ's sufferings. Ponder upon the crucifixion, till you can honestly say, — God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the

world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. Here is a twofold crucifixion, that of Christ, and through him, the mutual crucifixion of the world and the believer. And what is here meant by the world? All objects of unlawful desire. And what by crucifixion to it? The slaying of worldliness. And how is this effected through Christ, or his cross? It is by virtue of that union, which brings the believer into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, being made conformable unto his death. Just in proportion as you obtain a spiritual discernment of Christ and his cross, will you, by a sanctified sympathy, die unto sin, and live unto righteousness. The Christian may become, ought to become, so bound to his Lord, that he shall seem identified with him in the crucifixion, as it were, nailed himself to the cross. By the cross he is, to be sure, freed from the punishment of sin; but he is by it also freed from what is unspeakably more to be dreaded, the power of sin.

My friend, can you say, in sincerity, I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me? Then must you have seen how righteously you were condemned by your Sovereign; you must have felt how impotent you were in yourself; and you must have had convincing experience of justification by

faith alone. Your assurance you find gradually strengthened. You cry, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

You speak of a remaining disposition at times to murmur. Guard well against it. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. He knows infinitely well what is best for you. Your physician may often mistake your case, but God never. Nothing comes from him, that betrays want of skill, or that proves pernicious. Yet whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Take then this allotment, much as it may disappoint, and in various ways try you, take it as a paternal dispensation, and bless God that he has so ordered it.

Tribulation worketh patience. This is quite foreign to apathy. Stoicism forms no part of Christianity. Not to feel at all is no proof of submission; nor is it proof that a person is not submissive because he feels deeply. Nor does this Christian virtue exclude all desire and effort for relief. Our great Exemplar fell on his face, and prayed, saying, — O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. There is the great point, after all and above all, a cheerful,

complete, filial surrender. "Relieve and restore, O God, if my own good permit it; if the good of others permit it, if thine own glory permit it, do thou spare and heal me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Such must be your feeling and your prayer, when, like Christ, you are in an agony, and like him are resigned.

Let patience have her perfect work. This sickness may prove a peculiarly long and trying one. It may be, that an incurable disease has been sent upon you. Your sufferings may be greatly multiplied in number and intensity. But that will not furnish apology for one murmur. Be watchful against exhibiting fretfulness or peevishness to those about you. Let not the Christian name be wounded in this room. Watch and pray that you may suppress all inward risings of discontent. It is God who has closed this door upon you, and it is for a private conference, and perhaps a long one. He now inquires, whether you are truly his child; whether, in full view of the rod that is raised, you will say, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good; whether, in reference to suffering more severely or less severely, for a longer or a shorter time, whether to die now, or to recover, you can calmly say, Thy will be done. The pliant vine is pruned; and it weeps, indeed, yet is it the more fruitful,

while the thorn-tree stands armed against all approaches. The knife does not change its nature, and the very dews of heaven only render it the more vigorously repulsive. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit.

But, however protracted and severe your sufferings, stay your mind upon the promise, — As thy days, so shall thy strength be, — and you will find this continued assurance, — The Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time; and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. The Jewish Rabbies repeat a tradition, that David had a harp suspended at the head of his bed; and that, whenever the north wind blew upon it at night, it yielded the most agreeable music. Though a figment of the Talmud, this contains symbolically a pleasing truth. The severest blasts which God sends upon the good man, only awaken in his soul the harmony of sanctified emotions.

> "O, may *thy* heart in tune be found,
> Like David's harp, of solemn sound."

The pains you now feel are sharp monitors of your frailty. Are you ready for the issue? Are you willing to die to-day? Can you, in the calmness of Christian confidence, say, — Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit, — Lord Jesus, receive my spirit? Tell me now, deliberately,

whether you cannot say, — I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better? — That *yes*, you would not exchange for ten thousand worlds. There is reason to think, that this room may prove the ante-chamber of heaven. What is death to the believer? It is the beginning of eternal life. It is only opening the door to let a prisoner of hope out into the pure air and sunlight of heaven. It is sending a weary pilgrim home to his everlasting rest. It is the coronation day of one, who shall reign with Christ for ever. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

PRAYER FOR THE SICK.

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him." — *James* v. 14.

O Lord, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour and our God!
See here, a helpless sinner see;
Weak and in pain he looks to thee,
For healing in thy blood.

In sickness make thou all his bed,
Thy hand support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend;
Teach him on thee to cast his care,
And all his grief and burden bear,
And love him to the end.

If now thou wilt his soul require,
O, sit as a refiner's fire,
And purge it first from sin!

Thy love hath quicker wings than Death,
The fulness of thy Spirit breathe,
And bring thy nature in.

If in the vale of tears thy will
Appoints him to continue still,
O, sanctify his pain!
And let him patiently submit
To suffer as thy love sees fit,
And never once complain.

O, let him look to thee alone,
That all thy will on him be done!
His only pleasure be,
Alike resigned to live or die,
As most thy name may glorify,
To live or die to thee.

WESLEY.

SCHOOL OF SUFFERING.

"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." — *Psalm* cxxxviii. 3.

SAVIOUR! beneath thy yoke
My wayward heart doth pine;
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine:
Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

"Perishing child of clay!
Thy sighing I have heard;
Long have I marked thy evil way,
How thou hast erred:
Yet fear not, — by my own most holy name
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame."

Praise to thee, gracious Lord!
I fain would be at rest;
O, now fulfil thy faithful word,
And make me blest!
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take with joyfulness the promised crown.

"Stay, thou short-sighted child!
There is much first to do;
Thy heart, so long by sin defiled,
I must renew:
Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,
Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne'er be thine."

Yea, Lord, but thou canst soon
Perfect thy work in me,
Till, like the pure, calm summer moon,
I shine by thee, —
A moment shine, that all thy power may trace,
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

"Ah! coward soul, confess
Thou shrinkest from my cure,

Thou tremblest at the sharp distress
Thou must endure ; —
The foes on every hand, for war arrayed,
The thorny path in tribulation laid ; —

" The process slow of years,
The discipline of life, —
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Sickness and strife, —
The idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

" Some gentle souls there are
Who yield unto my love,
Who, ripening fast beneath my care,
I soon remove :
But thou stiff-neckèd art, and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King !
Is this thy love to me ?
O that I had the lightning's wing,
From earth to flee ! —
How can I bear the heavy weight of woes,
Thine indignation on thy creature throws ?

" Thou canst not, O my child !
So hear my voice again ; —
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief, thy pain :

My arms shall be around thee day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

"In sickness, I will be
Watching beside thy bed;
In sorrow, thou shalt lean on me
Thy aching head:
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from my love."

O grace beyond compare!
O love most high and pure!
Saviour begin, no longer spare, —
I can endure:
Only vouchsafe thy grace, that I may live
Unto thy glory, who canst so forgive.

MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

"We glory also in tribulations." — *Rom.* v. 3.

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtile fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film, which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart:
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art, —

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

S. WILBERFORCE.

THE REFINER'S FIRE.

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." — *Mal.* iii. 3.

HE that from dross would win the ore
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtile, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten, silvery, virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried ;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure ;
But who the fiery trial may abide ?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul ?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face ;
But, stamped with Heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features full of truth and grace ;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
" Not for a moment, but — Eternity ! "

MONTGOMERY.

GOD KNOWETH WHAT IS BEST.

" For who knoweth what is good for man in this life ? " — *Eccl.* vi. 12.

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him ? he knows not what he can,
What cannot, bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross :
To lack the loving discipline of pain,
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, "O, spare me here!
O, no, not this!"

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay, then, but He, who best doth understand,
Both what we need
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." — *Heb.* xii. 2.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?

Let thy grief be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fear be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he 'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God:
Thou shalt praise him,—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy spirits!
When shall I your chorus join?

FAWCETT.

JUST AS THOU ART.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." — *John* vi. 37.

Just as thou art, — without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace
Or meetness for the heavenly place, —
O guilty sinner, come!

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree,
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free; —
O wretched sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burdens at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'T is Mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints reëcho, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come!

JUST AS I AM.

"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." — *Mark* x. 48.

Just as I am, — without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, — thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

JESUS AND THE SOUL.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." — 2 *Tim.* i. 12.

THUS saith Jesus: "I will keep
In safety my defenceless sheep,
From sin, and endless misery;
Seeking soul, I will keep thee."

Lord, I believe thy word is sure,
But I am ignorant and poor;
My goodness reaches not to thee;
For mercy's sake wilt thou help me?

"I passèd by the rich and brave;
The needy soul I came to save.
The poor in spirit blessed be;
O, trust me, then! I will keep thee."

But, Lord, I have a deeper wound;
An evil heart within I 've found:
My nature 's enmity with thee;
Offended King, wilt thou keep me?

"Of old thy evil I beheld,
Yet was with love and pity filled:
I therefore died to set thee free.
For my own sake I will keep thee."

Yea, I have proved thy power, my God,
And felt thy efficacious blood:
But sin remains, though it I flee;
Wilt thou preserve backsliding me?

"Before I wrought upon thy will,
I knew how treacherous thou wouldst deal;
I did thy base transgressions see,
And yet resolved I would keep thee.
But thou shalt conqueror be at length;
Till then I will renew thy strength:
Sin shall not have the victory:
Only believe,—I will keep thee."

Permit me once again to speak;
Sometimes, thy face in tears I seek;
And oft a gloomy veil I see:
Canst thou be wroth, and yet keep me?

"Let, then, this answer thee suffice;
In anger I do not chastise.
More fervent be thy cry, thy plea,
And, as I live, I will keep thee.
But if thou dost forsake thy God,
Then will I visit with the rod.
I may correct, to a degree,
Nevertheless, I will keep thee."

But ah! I feel temptation strong;
And, if my journey should be long,

I fear I shall dishonor thee.
Wilt thou continue to keep me?

"Can I forsake my heart's delight?
Thy end is precious in my sight.
I conquered death on Calvary,
And from its sting I will keep thee.
I will be near thy dying bed;
Amid the waves sustain thy head;
My rod, my staff, thy help shall be;
In perfect peace I will keep thee.
I am the ark that goes before,
To guide the pilgrims safe to shore;
At my rebuke shall Jordan flee;
In life, in death, I will keep thee.
Then, then, my sister, then, my spouse,
I will fulfil my sacred vows,
And thou in bliss my glory see,
When on my throne I 've placèd thee."

It is enough. My Lord! my Love!
The hills, the mountains, must remove;
But I shall still unshaken be;
Thy word is passed, — THOU WILT KEEP ME.

SUBMISSION.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." — *Job* i. 21.

Submissive to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.

How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I 'll bless thy sacred name;
Jesus, to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

Haweis.

HE WHOM CHRIST LOVES.

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." — *John* xi. 3.

Saviour! I can welcome sickness,
If these words be said of me;

Can rejoice, 'midst pain and weakness,
If I am but loved by thee;
Love so precious
Balm for every wound will be.

Thou, who waitest not for fitness
In the souls thy blood has saved,
Let thy Spirit now bear witness,
He this sentence has engraved, —
Love so precious
Gives me all my prayers have craved.

Though that love send days of sadness,
In a life so brief as this,
It prepares me days of gladness,
And a life of perfect bliss;
Love so precious
Bids me every fear dismiss.

WHY AM I STRICKEN?

"I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me." — *Job* x. 2.

O Thou! whose gently chastening hand
In mercy deals the blow,
Make but thy servant understand
Wherefore thou lay'st me low.

I ask thee not the rod to spare,
While thus thy love I see;
But, O, let every suffering bear
Some message, Lord, from thee!

Perhaps an erring wish I knew
To read my future fate,
And thou wouldst say, "Thy days are few,
And vain thy best estate!"

Perhaps thy glory seemed my choice,
Whilst I secured my own,
And thus my kind reprover's voice
Tells me he works alone.

O, silence thou this murmuring will,
Nor bid thy rough wind stay,
Till with a furnace hotter still
My dross is purged away!

"GOD IS LOVE."

1 *John* iv. 8.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her sanctuary, springs,
For God is love,

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I 'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

The entanglement which restless thought,
Mistrust, and idle reasoning wove,
Are thus unravelled and unwrought, —
For God is love.

Yes, God is love, — a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

BOWRING.

PILGRIM! IS THY JOURNEY DREAR?

"Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation!" — *Ps.* xxvii. 9.

PILGRIM! is thy journey drear?
Are its lights extinct for ever?
Still suppress the rising fear, —
God forsakes the righteous, never!

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear and death,
God forsakes the righteous, never!

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous, never!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

STRENGTH ACCORDING TO THE DAY.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." — *Deut.* xxxiii. 25.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace, —
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief, —
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Rock of Ages, I 'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

TRIALS A BLESSING.

"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." — *James* i. 2.

'T is my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,

Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

COWPER.

THANKFUL AND UNTHANKFUL.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." — *Prov.* xxiii. 7.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied:
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love, that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

R. C. TRENCH.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down." — *Heb.* xii. 11, 12.

O, CHEER thee, cheer thee, suffering saint!
Though worn with chastening, be not faint!
And, though thy night of pain seem long,
Cling to thy Lord, — in him be strong;
He marks, he numbers every tear,
Not one faint sigh escapes his ear.

O, cheer thee, cheer thee! now 's the hour
To him to lift thine eye for power,
His all-sufficiency to show,
Now in extremity of woe;
While in the furnace to lie still, —
This is, indeed, to do his will.

Then cheer thee, cheer thee! though the flame
Consume thy wasting, suffering frame,
His gold shall suffer harm nor loss,
He will but purge away the dross,
And fit it, graced with many a gem,
To form his glorious diadem.

And he *will* cheer thee, he will calm
Thy pain intense with heavenly balm,
Show thee the martyr's white-robed throng,
Thy place prepared, that host among;

That weight of glory will o'erpower
The anguish of life's suffering hour.

Yes, he *will* cheer thee; — he will prove
The soul, encircled by his love,
Can meekly, 'midst her anguish, say, —
"Still will I trust him, though he slay";
And he will make his words thine own, —
"Father! thy will, not mine, be done."

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation." — *Ps.* lxii. 1.

O Thou, all holy, wise, and just,
Whom heaven and earth obey;
Thou only object of my trust,
Whose word can sink me into dust,
Or raise my feeble clay, —

If now the last decisive day
Of my frail life draw near,
My soul, while fainting with dismay,
From rising crimes in dread array
Do thou with mercy cheer.

Or, if my past iniquity
My dying hour molest,

Yet, O, then save me when I die,
Nor to my parting soul deny
An entrance into rest.

But if thy boundless grace should spare
My fleeting life again,
Let sin no more my soul ensnare,
But love and warm devotion there
In blissful union reign.

BEDDOME.

MEDITATION.

"Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." — *Ps.* iv. 4

WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

If hushed the breeze and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide;
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Beloved, till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,
And future bliss unknown on earth.

His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer, —
O, these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,
O, mark my trembling soul, and save!
Give to my view that haven near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

NOEL.

CORRECTION NEEDED.

"Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" — *Lam.* iii. 39.

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away;
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
Nor from his loved correction start.

The dearest offering he can crave,
His portion in our souls to prove,
What is it to the gift he gave,
The only Son of his dear love?

In life's long sickness, evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro;
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let him strike home, and bless the rod?
Never so safe as when our will
Yields, undiscerned by all, to God.

KEBLE.

THE LEPER.

"And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." — *Matt.* viii. 2.

OFT as the leper's case I read,
My own, described, I feel;
Sin is a leprosy, indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

Come, lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He can relieve, for he is power, —
He will, for he is love.

THE SICK-ROOM.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth." — *Ps.* cxlv. 18.

Watching, through the silent hours,
By the unrefreshèd bed,
Where disease arrays his powers,
Whence repose is banishèd, —
Where time halteth, sad and slow,
Thou art with me, Lord, I know.

When the vital forces seem
Dwindled to as faint a spark
As the taper's sickly gleam,
Making darkness doubly dark, —
Lord! I bless thee, that thou art
Near, to stay the sinking heart.

When the flame, reviving, burns
Gently, and, at sleep's soft touch,
Anguish yields, and hope returns,
Dove-like, to the smoothèd couch, —
With an anxious, deep-drawn sigh,
Lord, I praise thee, ever nigh.

In the dim, religious gloom,
Where "expressive silence" broods
O'er the closely-curtained room,
Nor a stirring breath intrudes, —

As in silent prayer I kneel,
Thou art present, Lord, I feel.

When reluctant hope is fled,
When the pulses beat no more,
And the last farewell is said,
And the war of life is o'er, —
Lord, both the spirit and the dust
Of our beloved, to thee we trust.

CHASTISEMENT MISIMPROVED.

"For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not." — *Job* xxxiii. 11.

How oft, upon my feverish bed,
By pain and darkness pressed,
I have rejoiced, with thankful heart,
That this was not my rest;
And that earth's troubles sure were given,
To fix our wayward hearts on heaven.

But when it pleased my God, who sent
Those hours of wearying pain,
His rod in mercy to withdraw,
And give me health again,
My heart earth's trifles still would prize,
And draw my wishes from the skies.

O, what a sinful heart is mine,
  Ungrateful and unwise,
My Saviour's love thus to neglect,
  His chastenings to despise, —
And please this weak, frail form of clay,
Made soon to fade and pass away!

I have no strength, I have no power,
  One good resolve to keep;
Will the great Shepherd turn again
  His wandering, faithless sheep;
And lead me from delusive toys,
To holy, high, and endless joys?

I dare not hope, but in his name,
  Who came to seek the lost, —
Jesus, O, guide me with thy rod
  And staff, whate'er the cost;
Though thou mayst bid me all resign,
O, save me, Lord, and own me thine!

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

"And Jesus went about healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people." — *Matt.* iv. 23.

Ye mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes;

Approach, 't is Jesus ; he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

That hand, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless stage ;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command ;
O, let thy sovereign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart !

DODDRIDGE.

"WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE."

John v. 6.

BEHOLD, the great Physician stands,
Whose skill is ever sure ;
And loud he calls to dying men,
And free he offers cure.

And will ye hear his gracious voice,
While sore diseased ye lie ?
Or will ye all his grace despise,
And trifle till ye die ?

Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
And inward vigor give;
Then, raised by energy divine,
Shall helpless mortals live.

LOOK AND LIVE.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." — *John* iii. 14.

Sufferer! art thou conscience-stricken,
Deeply now convinced of sin,
Powerless thy dead soul to quicken,
By the serpent stung within?
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

Jesus, on that cross suspended,
Died to expiate thy guilt;
Satisfied God's law offended,
Saved thee by the blood he spilt;
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

God will, for his sake, forgive thee,
Boldly through his name apply;
Perfect soundness he will give thee,
If on him be fixed thine eye;
To the cross look up, and live,
Life and health one look can give.

JEHOVAH ROPHI.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee." — *Exod.* xv. 26.

Heal us, Emmanuel! here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord?

Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried,
"O, help my unbelief!"

She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole"

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view,
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings, too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee, if we may;
O, send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away!

COWPER.

CRYING TO GOD.

"O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee." — *Ps* lxxxviii. 1.

LORD GOD of my salvation!
To thee, to thee I cry;
O, let my supplication
Arrest thine ear on high!
Distresses round me thicken,
My life draws nigh the grave;
Descend, O Lord, to quicken,
Descend, my soul to save!

Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul;
Where'er on earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt thou, my Father, spurn me?
Wilt thou refuse to hear?

No! banished and heart-broken,
My soul still clings to thee;
The promise thou hast spoken,
Still, still my refuge be;
So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase,
And scourge me from my errors,
To duty, hope, and peace.

LYTE.

BALM IN GILEAD.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" — *Jer.* viii. 22.

"GIVE me the voice of mirth, the sound of laughter,
The sparkling glance of pleasure's roving eye:
The past is past; avaunt, thou dark hereafter!
Come, eat and drink, — to-morrow we must die!"

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken, —
The fool, whose heart hath said, "There is no God";
But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
There 's balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,
Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart;
And "peace, that passeth understanding," blendeth
With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation,—
No longer feigned distress,—fantastic woe;
I know my griefs, but then my consolation,
My trust, and my immortal hopes, I know.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee, saith the Lord."—*Jer.* xxx. 17.

TELL me of that great Physician,
Will he undertake my cure?
Will he freely grant admission
To an applicant so poor?
None but Jesus
Can to such relief insure.

I have not one plea to proffer,
Why such grace I should partake;
No inducement can I offer,
No requital can I make;
None but Jesus
Heals for his own mercy's sake.

Yet I know that he has granted
Cures to thousands such as I;
Given them freely all they wanted,
Without money let them buy;
None but Jesus
Every want could thus supply.

Let me go and spread before him
All my symptoms, all my fears;
Deeply, gratefully adore him,
While my trembling heart he cheers:
None but Jesus
Wipes away the sufferer's tears.

CRYING TO JESUS.

"When they heard that Jesus passed by, they cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, thou Son of David!" — *Matt.* xx. 30.

Diseased in body, mind, and soul,
Pass me not, my Saviour, by;
One word of thine can make me whole,
O, speak that word, and grief shall fly!

Full, rich, unmerited, and free,
Thy grace, O Lord, for ever flows;
Such only can suffice for me,
Thy peace alone can give repose.

Lord, for that peace I watch and wait;
When will the bursting morn appear?
Raise me above this gloomy state,
Give peace and praise for doubt and fear.

SAVIOUR OF THE DYING THIEF.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." — *Luke* xxiii. 43.

Jesus saved the dying thief, —
  Welcome news for one like me!
Now I know there is relief,
  When the world no hope can see:
Saved by grace, by sovereign grace,
By the cross I 'll take my place.

Saviour of the dying thief,
  Lo! a wretch as vile as he,
Filled with shame, remorse, and grief,
  Draws his hope, O Lord, from thee:
In the view of so much grace,
Can despair at all have place?

Nothing but the richest grace
  Could relieve a wretch like me;
This alone could reach my case,
  And I see this grace in thee:
Saviour of the dying thief!
In thy love I find relief.

THE FOUNTAIN.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." — *Zech.* xiii. 1.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners! ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all, —
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks will thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;

God is faithful, — God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified!

MONTGOMERY.

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — *Matt.* xi. 28.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

It tells me of a place of rest, —
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

When nature shudders, loth to part,
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"

"Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me!"

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony;
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" — *Matt.* xi. 28.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he leads his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest";
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come, —
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust,
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

"GO IN PEACE."

Mark v. 34.

"Go in peace!" — Serene dismission,
To the sinner's heart made known,
When he pours, in deep contrition,
Prayer before the eternal throne.

"Go in peace!" — thy sins forgiven,
Christ hath pardoned, set thee free,
Every galling fetter riven, —
"Go in peace" and liberty.

Saviour! breathe this benediction
O'er my spirit while I pray;
Let me feel, 'midst sin's conviction,
Christ has washed my sins away.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." — *Matt.* ix 21.

Saviour slain, and slain for me,
While thy mercy I implore,
While I humbly bend the knee,
While my inward prayer I pour,
Speak a pardon to my soul;
Great Physician, make me whole.

Though abashed and full of shame,
Shrinking with well-founded fear,
All my trust is in thy name ;
Bid thy grace to me appear,
Bursting, like a ray of light,
Through the heavy cloud of night.

O to tread life's weary way,
Cheered by my Redeemer's smile !
Sun of Righteousness, thy ray
Can all weariness beguile.
Great Physician of the soul,
Thou alone canst make me whole.

CHRIST'S EXHORTATION.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." — *Isa.* liii. 4.

Child of man, whose seed below
Must fulfil their race of woe !
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain ?
O, in thought, one night recall, —
The night of grief in Herod's hall !
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,

Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke and learn of me ;
I of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word ;
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled and died.

Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise ?
Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days ?
O, if darkness round thee lower,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
" My God, my God, dost thou forsake ? "

Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast ?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fear'st thou now thy failing heart ?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod ;
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

Child of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve the Lord ;
Sealed with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame,

Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more ;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

BOWDLER.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING.

"That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." — *Phil.* iii. 10.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, nor loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete !

"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

PEACE PURCHASED BY SUFFERINGS.

"But the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." — *Matt.* viii. 20.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest, —
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care, —
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of him who had not where to lay his head!

O, why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes! but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me!

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lov'st, — within
A heart, that for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

MOUNSEL.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." — *Ps.* cxix. 71.

Lord, how often have I read
Every promise of thy word;
Yet my heart, so cold and dead,
Felt not what I read or heard!

But, when thou hast sent me grief,
Clouding every sunny scene,
Languishing to find relief,
O, how sweet each word has been!

All is mercy, Lord, I own;
Promises so richly given,
Grief to make their sweetness known,
Pain from earth, and balm from heaven.

CHRIST'S SUBMISSION OUR EXAMPLE.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" — *John* xviii. 11.

And shall I, Lord, the cup decline,
So wisely mixed by love divine,
And tasted first by thee?
The bitter draught thou drankest up,
And but this single sacred drop
Hast thou reserved for me!

Lo! I receive it at thy hand,
And bear, by thy benign command,
The salutary pain.
With thee to live, I gladly die;
And suffer here, above the sky
With thee, my Lord, to reign.

Here only can I thus show love, —
By suffering, my obedience prove;
But when thy heaven I share,
I cannot mourn for Jesus' sake,
I cannot there thy cup partake,
I cannot suffer there.

Full gladly, then, for thee I grieve,
The honor of thy cross receive,
And bless the happy load;
Who would not in thy footsteps tread,
Who would not bow, like thee, his head,
And die to reign with God!

PRAYER FOR SPIRITUAL HEALING.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." — *Matt.* ix. 12.

I WOULD disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind
With folly, fear, and shame.

A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast:
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

Lord, I am sick! regard my cry,
And set my spirit free:
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

NEWTON.

THE SAVIOUR'S TRIUMPH.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—1 *Cor.* xv. 26.

THE Son of David bowed to die,
For man's transgression stricken;
The Father's arm of power was nigh
The Son of God to quicken:

Praise him, that he died for men!
Praise him, that he rose again!

Death seemed all-conquering, when he bound
The Lord of life in prison;
The might of death was nowhere found
When Christ again was risen;
Wherefore praise him night and day,
Him, who took death's sting away!

His saints with him must bow to death,
With him are raised in spirit;
With him they dwell above by faith,
Accepted through his merit.
Who o'er death would victory win,
Live to Christ and die to sin.

Death may awhile his victims slay,
Though of his terrors minished,
But he shall perish in the day
When God his wars has finished:
Heaven and earth resound the strain,
Death by Jesus Christ is slain!

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."—1 *John* ii. 15.

Come, my fond, fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;

Thou and the world must part,
  However hard it be;
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
  Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
  Jesus shall have it all;
'T is bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart!

Ye fair, enchanting throng,
  Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
  And now I break the spell;
Ye cherished joys of former years, —
Jesus, forgive these parting tears!

But must I part with all?
  My heart still fondly pleads;
Yes, — Dagon's self must fall,
  It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

O, yes, there is a balm,
  A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
  To bid me not despair:

Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

O, may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare!
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

J. TAYLOR.

THE ROD.

"Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." — *Mic.* vi. 9.

My Father and my God,
O, set this spirit free!
I 'd gladly kiss the rod
That drove my trembling soul to thee,
And made it thine eternally.

Sweet were the bitterest smart,
That with the bended knee
Would bow this broken heart;
For who, my Saviour, who could be
A sufferer long, that flies to thee?

The tears we shed for sin,
When heaven alone can see,
Leave truer peace within,

Than worldly smiles, which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from thee.

Then give me any lot,
I 'll bless thy just decree,
So thou art not forgot,
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but thee !

As needle to the pole,
There fixed, but tremblingly, —
Such be my trusting soul,
Whate'er life's variations be,
For ever pointing, Lord, to thee !

MONSELL.

GRATEFUL FOR CHASTISEMENT.

" Therefore I take pleasure in distresses, for Christ's sake." — 2 *Cor.* xii. 10.

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear ; —
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
Tell me thou yet wilt chide, thou canst not spare,
O Lord, thy chastening rod.

O, help me, Father ! for my sinful heart
Back from this discipline of grief would start,
Unmindful of his sorer, deeper smart,
Who died for me, my God !

Yet, if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
Break but some link of that oppressive chain
Which binds me still to earth, and leaves a stain
Thou only canst remove, —

Then am I blest, — O bliss from man concealed!
If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,
My heart, through sorrow, be set free to yield
A service of deep love.

THE SUFFERER LOOKING TO CHRIST.

"Forasmuch, then, as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind." — 1 *Peter* iv. 1.

When human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross, where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake.

Thou on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head;
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY.

"For we have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." — *Heb.* iv. 15.

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, — how comforting and sweet! —
Christ trod this very path before;
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;

When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

CHRIST ALL-SUFFICIENT.

"All my springs are in thee." — *Ps.* lxxxvii. 7.

Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'T is sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'T is sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

O all-sufficient Saviour! be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest shielded by thine arm.

SUFFICIENT GRACE.

"O bring me out of my distresses!" — *Ps.* xxv. 17.

And wilt thou hear the fevered heart
To thee in silence cry?
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
Out of the restless eye,
Wilt thou forgive the wayward thought,
By kindly woes yet half untaught,
A Saviour's right so dearly bought,
That hope should never die?

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well,
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.
Thou, from whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that owned thy dying thirst,
To thee we turn, our last and first,
Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,

Only be thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclose?

KEBLE.

SUFFERING ACCORDING TO THY WILL.

"Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him."—1 *Pet.* iv. 19.

O GOD, from whom my spirit came,
Moulded by thee, this mortal frame
Feels health or sickness, pain or ease,
As it may best thy wisdom please;
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

I am a sinner,—shall I dare
To murmur at the strokes I bear?
Strokes not in wrath, but mercy, sent,
A wise and needful chastisement;
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

Saviour! I breathe the prayer once thine,—
"Father! thy will be done, not mine!"

One only blessing would I claim, —
In me, O, glorify thy name!
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to thy will."

"AS THOU WILT."

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." — *Matt.* xxvi. 39.

FATHER, if thou willing be,
Then my griefs awhile suspend,
Then remove the cup from me,
Or thy strengthening angel send,
Wouldst thou have me suffer on? —
Father, let thy will be done.

If my flesh be troubled still,
Filled with pain or sore disease;
If my wounded spirit feel
Still-continued agonies;
Meekly I my will resign,
Thine be done, and only thine.

Patient as my great High-priest,
In his bitterness of pain,
Though abandoned and distressed,
Father, I the cross sustain;
All into thy hands I give,
Let me die, or let me live.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending." — *Rev.* i. 8.

End of faith and its foundation,
Alpha and Omega too;
Jesus, author of salvation,
While thy cross and crown I view,
New supplies of grace impart,
Holy vigor to my heart.

Militant beneath thy banners,
Though we travel foes among;
Soon to thee shall loud hosannas
Burst from every ransomed tongue,
Great forerunner, entered there,
Crowns and mansions to prepare.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Matt. vi. 10.

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful for the flower,
And joys and tears alike are sent,
To give the soul fit nourishment;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

O, ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I will yet sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Matt. vi. 10.

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the holy one,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

O, may that will that gave me birth,
And an immortal soul,

In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control!

O, could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done!

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Matt. vi. 10.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine, —
"Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest, —
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Matt. vi. 10.

To do, or not to do, — to have,
Or not to have, — I leave to thee.
To be, or not to be, I leave, —
Thy only will be done to me:
All my requests are lost in one,
Father, thy only will be done!

Suffice, that, for the season past,
Myself in things divine I sought,
For comforts cried with eager haste,
And murmured when I found them not:
I leave it now to thee alone,
Father, thy only will be done!

Thy gifts I clamor for no more,
Or selfishly thy grace require,
An evil heart to varnish o'er;
Jesus, the Giver, I desire,
After the flesh no longer known:
Father, thy only will be done!

Welcome alike the crown or cross;
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
Nor life, nor death; but ever pray,
Father, THY ONLY WILL BE DONE!

SUBMISSION AND SUCCOR.

"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." — *Luke* xxii. 42.

Not in thine hours of conflict, Lord,
Not when the tempting fiend was nigh;
Nor when that bitter cup was poured,
Thy garden agony; —
Not then, when uttermost thy need,
Seemed light across thy soul to break;
No seraph form was seen to speed,
No voice of comfort spake:
Till, by thine own revealèd word,
The victory o'er the fiend was won; —
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Then to the desert sped the blest,
And food, and peace, and joy conveyed; —
Then one, more favored than the rest,
Glanced to the olive shade.

Lord! bring those precious moments back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present pain.
In darkness help us to contend,
In darkness yield to thee our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine angels still.

DIVINE PEACE.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding." — *Phil.* iv. 7.

Peace of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunbeam of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come, and every fear control.

Do disease and pain alarm me,
Do I fear impending ill?
Evil hath not power to harm me,
He can whisper, "Peace, be still!"

O Almighty to deliver!
Thou on whom my hope is stayed,
I would trust in thee for ever,
Then I cannot be afraid.

GRATEFUL FOR TRIALS.

"This is not your rest, because it is polluted." — *Mic.* ii. 10.

LORD, I would thank thee, if thine hand
Hath sometimes planted in my way
A thorn, to teach, this earthly land
Was not intended for my stay;
But that a better rest remains,
Which neither sin nor sorrow stains.

When prosperous seasons brightly smile,
And cloudless seems the azure dome,
How oft does thoughtless joy beguile
The soul to seek no better home!
Thanks, if some bitter, painful things
Remind me of celestial springs.

Grant me these tokens to receive,
Remembering whence and why they came;
Then shall I in thy love believe,
And breathe thanksgivings to thy name.
Tokens of thy paternal love,
Pledges of endless good above.

SICKNESS BLEST.

"Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 *Cor.* i. 30.

Sickness is a hallowed season,
If in God the soul confide;
Refuges of human reason
Failing, then, are cast aside;
Man his utter ignorance learns,
And to Christ for wisdom turns.

Lord! my every hope reposes
Solely, thankfully on thee;
But, as yet, thy light discloses
Guilt, and only guilt, in me;
Take off my polluted dress,
Robe me in thy righteousness.

Though I find my sufferings painful,
Worn in body, faint in mind,
Welcome they will prove, and gainful,
If they work the end designed;
Make it, Lord, my hourly prayer,
In thy holiness to share.

Soon, thy glorious work completed,
Sufferings I shall need no more;
Pure in heart, and new created,
Thou thine image wilt restore:
Then from every bond set free,
Lord, thy glory I shall see.

SICKNESS SANCTIFIED.

"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." — *Ps.* cxix. 75.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease?
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast?
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my day of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise thee! but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;

For the nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy love hath bestowed.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me, —
'T was the message of mercy, it led me to thee.

C. Fry.

EXTREME SUFFERINGS.

"Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul."—*Ps.* lxix. 1.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

C. WESLEY.

SUFFERING SANCTIFIED.

"I take pleasure in infirmities."—2 *Cor.* xii. 10.

How happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above,
Awaked by a visit of pain,
Chastised by omnipotent love!
The author of all his distress,
He comes by affliction to know;
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffered below.

Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod;
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God;
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of follies confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

O Father of mercies! on me,
On me in affliction bestow
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctified use of my woe.
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thine appointments submit,
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

WESLEY.

CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

"And if they be holden in cords of affliction, he openeth also their ear to discipline. — *Job* xxxvi. 8, 10.

CHAMBER of sickness! much to thee I owe,
Though dark thou be;
The lessons it imports me most to know,
I owe to thee.
A sacred seminary thou hast been, —
I trust to train me for a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness! Suffering and alone,
My friends withdrawn,
The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone
On me forlorn,
With such a hallowed vividness and power,
As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness! Midst thy silence, oft
A voice is heard,
Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so soft,
Yet speaks each word
Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness! In that bright abode,
Where there is no more pain,
If through the merits of my Saviour, God,
A seat I gain,
This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,
That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

REMEMBERED AFFLICTIONS.

"Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth." — *Ps.* lxxi. 20.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,
And yet 't was good to bear;
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will;
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the morning dew.

Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
My God is all to me.

MONTGOMERY.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

"Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation." — *Rom.* xii. 12.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

GRANT.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

Ps. xxxi. 15.

"My times are in thy hand,"
My God, I 'd have them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

"My times are in thy hand,"
I 'll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

WHOLLY RESIGNED.

"For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole." — *Job* v. 18.

My whole, though broken heart, O Lord,
From henceforth shall be thine,
And here I do my vow record,
This hand, these words, are mine.
All that I have, without reserve
I offer here to thee,
Thy will and honor all shall serve
That thou bestow'dst on me.

Now it belongs not to my share,
Whether I die or live,
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay?

If death shall bruise this springing seed,
Before it comes to fruit,
The will with thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.
Long life is a long grief and toil,
And multiplieth faults;
In long wars, he may have the foil,
That 'scapes in short assaults.

Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than he went through before.
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see,
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

BAXTER.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

"That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in him, according to the grace of our God, and the Lord Jesus Christ."—2 *Thess.* i. 12.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and blind in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?

So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

WESLEY.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERER.

"For we have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." — *Heb.* iv. 15.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands
A great high-priest our nature wears, —
The guardian of mankind appears.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;

Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." — *Phil.* ii. 5.

EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour! was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet that mind which was in thee
May be, must be, formed in me.

Though such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal;
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee, e'en from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love;
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

LITANY.

"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also. —1 *Cor.* xiv. 15.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before thee,
What can I offer in thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see thy hand, it leads us, it supports us,
We hear thy voice, it counsels and it courts us,
And then we turn away, — and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still thy rain descends, thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering, — thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought, and grateful feeling,
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever?
My bosom, never.

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens,
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

BOWRING.

LITANY TO THE SAVIOUR.

"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." — *Rom.* x. 13.

SAVIOUR! when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, —
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power, —
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye, —
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs, that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears, that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh, that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold, —
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God; —
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord! —
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

GRANT.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." — *Rom.* viii. 26.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

HERRICK.

HYMN AT THE CROSS.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." — *Gal.* vi. 14.

O THOU, Majesty Divine!
Was ever poverty like thine!
Who, for such surpassing love,
Yielding blood for blood, will prove
True followers in thy train?

Sharing now thy wounds, I pray thee,
Let me love for love repay thee;
Thou, whose soul for sinners smarted,
Healer of the broken-hearted,
Kind Father of the poor.

What in me is wounded, broken,
What doth sore disease betoken,
Sweetest Saviour, make it whole,
Then restore me, heal my soul
With medicine divine.

I draw near, as thou wert by me,
Yea, I do believe thee near me;
Heal me, thou my hope hast been;
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,
When washed in blood of thine.

On my heart each stripe be written,
Wherewith thou for me wert smitten;
Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with thee,
And loving thee alway.

Gracious Jesus, Lord most dear,
Guilty though I am, give ear;
Show thine own sweet clemency;
Spurn me not, though vile I be,
From thy blessed feet away.

Here before thee, fallen, weeping,
And with tears these torn feet steeping,
Jesus, for thy mercy's sake,
Pity on my misery take,
And one kind look let fall.

From the cross uplifted high,
My beloved, cast thine eye;
Turn me to thee, heart and soul,
Speak the word of power, — "Be whole,
I have forgiven thee all."

WHITEHEAD.

'T IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

"Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." — *Matt.* xiv. 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well, —
"'T is I, be not afraid."

When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear, —
"'T is I, be not afraid."

There is a gulf, that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed, —
"'T is I, be not afraid."

There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O, say, when flesh and heart shall fail, —
"'T is I, be not afraid."

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

"Whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place." — 1 *Pet.* i. 19.

POLAR STAR of life's dark sea!
All unknowing how to steer,

Saviour, I would look to thee;
O'er the watery waste appear;
Let no cloud obscure thy light,
Shine encouragingly bright.

O'er the rolling billows shine,
Faith to thee her eye will turn;
Though the stormy night be mine,
If my beacon I discern,
If my guiding star appear,
I shall quickly lose my fear.

Though the foaming billows rise,
I shall scarce their threatening see,
If I turn me to the skies,
If I fix my gaze on thee.
Guiding Star! still give thy light,
Lead me through the stormy night.

—•—

COMMITTING THE SOUL TO JESUS.

"Into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."— *Ps.* xxxi. 5.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, — I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

LYTE.

CLINGING TO JESUS.

"Seeing then we have a great high-priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." — *Heb.* iv. 14.

HOLY SAVIOUR, friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I 'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee!

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found her place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to thee!

Oft, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me!"

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, what appall,
Whilst as my rock, my strength, my all,
Saviour! I cling to thee?

RISE AND PRAY.

Luke xxii. 46.

Art thou a pilgrim, and alone,
Far from the home once called thine own?
From friendship's faithful bosom wrested,
In stranger hands thy comforts vested,
Thy life a cheerless wintry day
Unlit by sunshine? — Rise and pray!

Smiled on thee once the bliss of earth,
And glittering toys of transient worth?
Hast thou adored some idol shrine,
Or bent has many a knee at thine?
Faded these creatures of a day,
What hast thou left? · Arise and pray!

O, hast thou, driven by deepest woe,
Thy soul's sure refuge learned to know?
And every storm of life would meet
Beneath the sheltering mercy-seat?
Whether in youth or life's decay,
Thy lot is blest, — thou lov'st to pray?

But haply thou, even thou, hast found
Religion's consecrated ground
With sorrows and with snares beset;
Which, though the Almighty Sufferer met
To conquer, we must yet obey
His welcome mandate, — Rise and pray!

O, mournful lot to mortals given,
Might not the wingèd thought to heaven
Amidst opposing myriads rise,
To claim its refuge in the skies!
"Where is thy God?" whilst mockers say,
To him mounts up the soul to pray!

Though, mingled in one bitter draught,
Thou every earthly woe hast quaffed;

Around though enemies prevail,
And darts from cherished friends assail;
These but in image faint portray
His griefs, who bids thee — Rise and pray!

Even should that direst hour be thine,
When in the darkening heavens no sign
Appears; but thou in combat fell
Must meet the adverse hosts of hell,
O, never cast the hope away,
While thou canst lift thy heart to pray!

With tears, with bitterest agony,
The Saviour wrestled, soul! for thee,
Ere he could all-triumphant rise
To plead the accepted sacrifice:
So, till the world shall pass away,
Shall stand his words, — "Arise and pray!"

TO PRAYER.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer to thee." — *Ps.* v. 3.

To prayer to prayer! — for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, in the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

To prayer! — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer! — for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture, a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.

Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow, —
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words, prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,

To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

WARE.

TEACH ME TO PRAY.

"One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray." — *Luke* xi. 1.

O GOD! may I look up to thee?
I would address thee if I may;
And this my one request should be,
Teach me to pray.

Now in my sickness I would ask,
What thoughts to think, what words to say;
Prayer is a new and arduous task;
Teach me to pray.

A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away;
The heart must bring the sacrifice; —
Teach me to pray.

To whom shall I, thy creature, turn?
Whom else address? Whom else obey?
Teach me the lesson I would learn, —
Teach me to pray.

Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
To bow my spirit to thy sway;
Now, let me ask thee not in vain;—
Teach me to pray.

To thee alone my eyes look up,
Turn not, O God, thy face away,
Prayer is my only door of hope;—
Teach me to pray.

FIRST REQUESTS.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 *Kings* iii. 5.

And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour,—
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon, sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

NEWTON.

CHRIST'S PROMISE.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." — *John* xvi. 24.

"ASK, and ye shall receive";
This promise — O, how free!
Lord, help me firmly to believe
That promise made for me.

Much need have I to pray,
Pardon and grace I seek;
Defence and guidance every day,
And strength, for I am weak.

My prayer do thou inspire,
And, O, that prayer receive!
Lord, teach me what I should desire;
Lord, help me to believe.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

"And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat." — *Exod.* xxv. 22.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat, —
'T is found beneath the " Mercy-seat."

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought " Mercy-seat."

There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, — by faith they meet
Around one common " Mercy-seat."

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no " Mercy-seat " ?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the " Mercy-seat."

O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the " Mercy-seat."

STOWELL.

LONGING FOR GOD.

Ps. xlii.

Lone, amidst the dead and dying,
Lord, my spirit faints for thee;
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing, —
When shall I thy presence see?

O, how altered my condition!
Late I led the joyous throng;
Beat my heart with full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful song.

Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
Waves on waves my soul confound;
Naught but boding fears before me,
Naught but threatening foes around.

Save me, save me, O my Father!
To thy faithful word I cling;
Thence, my soul, thy comfort gather;
Hope, and thou again shalt sing.

Lyte.

LONGING FOR GOD.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." — *Ps.* xlii. 1.

As, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,

So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,—
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walked the happy round,
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallowed arch along
Responsive swelled the solemn song.

Ah! why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract my breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

BOWDLER.

LIFTING THE SOUL TO GOD.

"Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." — *Ps.* xxv. 1.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade;
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms of fire! O, what shall we
Return to Heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou, that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within, —
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me, —
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in thee:

What I enjoy, O, make it mine,
In making me, that have it, thine.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change,
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never;
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel, — and live;
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire!

QUARLES.

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Ps. CXXX.

FROM the depths of grief and fear,
O Lord! to thee my soul repairs;
From thy heaven bow down thy ear,
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
O, if thou mark'st
What 's done amiss,
What soul so pure,
Can see thy bliss?

But with thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear;
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands,
Wait, mine eye, O, wait mine ear!
If he his eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks,
Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be relieved he calls amain;
So look, so wait,
So long mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My sun arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord,
For from his tongue sweet mercy flows;
Wait on his cross, — wait on his word, —
Upon that tree redemption grows.
He will redeem
His Israel
From sin and wrath,
From death and hell.

FLETCHER.

RELYING UPON GOD.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 *Pet.* v. 7.

When anxious thoughts the bosom fill,
And skies look dark above,
How sweet, reposing on his will,
To feel that God is love!
To him our mean affairs
Are most minutely known;
He weighs the burden of our cares,
And numbers every groan.

When fails each earthly confidence,
And friends grow cold and strange,
I rest on thine omnipotence,
On love that cannot change.
This trust can ne'er delude,
Thy goodness is most wise;
And in thy bounteous plenitude,
My wealth, my portion lies.

O, let me still a father's hand
In all my ways perceive;
And, when I cannot understand,
Be humble and believe;
Till what I know not now
Shall all be clearly shown,
When at thy throne my soul shall bow,
And know as I am known.

CONDER.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." — *Ps.* xlii. 11.

O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery.
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, — since ruled by thee.

When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown!
And should I faint a moment, — then
I think of thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled!
What though some flattering dreams are gone!
Yet purer, brighter joys remain;
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

BOWRING.

OUR HELP AND OUR SHIELD.

"Our soul waiteth for the Lord; he is our help and our shield." — *Ps.* xxxiii. 20.

O God, the Lord of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently;
Brightening with beams the opening prime,
And burning in the mid-day sky:

Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls thy peace impart.

This grace on thy redeemed confer, —
Father, coequal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

"PERFECT IN LOVE."

"Whoso feareth is not made perfect in love. Perfect love casteth out fear." — 1 *John* iv. 18.

"Perfect in love!" — Lord, can it be,
Amidst this state of doubt and sin?
While foes so thick without I see,
With weakness, pain, disease within,

Can perfect love inhabit here,
And, strong in faith, extinguish fear?

O Lord! amidst this mental night,
Amidst the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day.
My Saviour God, to me appear,
So love shall triumph over fear.

THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—*Job* xiv. 14.

O Thou, my kind, chastising God,
Help me to own thy sway;
Teach me to bend beneath thy rod,
And cast my pride away.

Have I then wished (presumptuous thought)
The weight of sorrow less;
Or e'er, with earthly weapons, fought
Against my deep distress?

Teach me, with meek, submissive awe,
To own thy sovereign will;
E'en from thy rod my comforts draw,
And weep, but thank thee still.

And, O, if those, once sent by thee
To soothe the bitter tear,
Now seem thy messengers to be
Of judgments more severe, —

Let me thy ruling hand discern,
Thy voice of mercy know;
And from thy gentle teaching learn
To seek no bliss below.

A mourner through this gloomy vale,
'T is meet thy child should go,
Until thy mighty hand prevail,
To conquer every foe.

For thou hast said an hour should come,
When, at thy high behest,
Earth shall prepare thy saints a home,
And thou amidst them rest!

REJOICE ALWAY.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice." — *Phil.* iv. 4.

Rejoice in Christ alway, —
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.
Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress, —

When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice in hope and fear, —
Rejoice in life and death, —
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
When should they not rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls, —
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

Yet not to rash excess
Let joy like ours prevail, —
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,
Till faith begin to fail.
Our temperate use of bliss, —
Let it to all appear;
And be our constant watchword this, —
"The Lord himself is near!"

Take anxious care for naught,
To God your wants make known,
And soar, on wings of heavenly thought,
Toward his eternal throne.
So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

MOULTRIE.

CONFIDING IN GOD.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." — 1 *Pet.* v. 7.

O LORD! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee, —
  If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart, that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
  Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
  By sudden, wild alarms;
O, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
  On thy Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
  Then rise with lightened cheer, —
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
  Will hear, in that we fear!

We cannot trust him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood
  To cast its peace away;

Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all, the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers,
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

BOWRING.

"HOPE THOU IN GOD."

Ps. xlii. 5.

WHY, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirit sink?
Look to God, your Heavenly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.

Fancy will be often painting
Scenes in dark and fearful shade;
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,
Of prospective woes afraid?

Cease that dark anticipation!
Still let love and faith abound;
For the day of tribulation,
Strength sufficient will be found.

God is love, and will not leave you,
When you most his kindness need ;
God is true, nor can deceive you,
Though your faith be weak indeed.

WHITEHEAD.

ENDURING TRUST.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." — *Ps.* xlviii. 14.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favor all my journey through,
Thou hast engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way, —
Shall I resist them both?
The poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries, —
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

COWPER.

STRENGTH PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

"For my strength is made perfect in weakness." — 2 *Cor.* xii. 9.

SINCE 't is God's will, pain, take your course, —
Exert on me your utmost force, —
I well God's truth and promise know;
He never sends a woe,
But his supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind, —
Though me no feeble bruisèd reed
In weakness can exceed, —
My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impregnably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by his light,
Give me victorious might;
No pang can me invade,
Beneath his wings' propitious shade.

KEN.

"THOU HAST BEEN MY REFUGE."

Ps. lxix. 16.

O STRANGE infirmity! to think
That he will leave my soul to sink
In darkness and distress,
Who has appeared in times of old,
Who saved me while the billows rolled,
And cheered me with his grace.

What sweeter pledge could God bestow,
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing
Of confidence in Heaven!

SEARLE.

RESTING ON GOD.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord." — *Ps.* civ. 34.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away: —

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above: —

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own: —

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid: —

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend: —

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend:—

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his:—

'T is sweet to rest in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disembodied soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

TOPLADY.

"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

Ps. xlvi. 10.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,—
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege, — and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me !

O, blessèd be the hand that gave ;
Still blessèd when it takes : —
Blessèd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks :
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

CONDER.

"LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?"

John xxi. 21.

" LORD, and what shall this man do ? "
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end :
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast, —
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest, —

Or, armèd in his station, wait,
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course,
(Lonely, not forlorn,) he stay,
Or, with love's supporting force,
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in his high hand,
Who doth hearts, as streams, command.

Gales from heaven, if so he will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, — but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor, —
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly, loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow thee.

KEBLE.

PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION.

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." — *Isa.* li. 3.

Mourner in Zion! do not weep, —
The Lord thou lov'st may long delay;
Yet still thy patient vigils keep,
That soothing voice shall all repay.

O, weep no more! thy God shall hear;
From dwellings of adversity
Thine humble cry shall reach his ear,
And soon his voice shall answer thee.

And, though his hand to thee may deal
The bitter bread of earthly woe,
And though across thy path may steal
The waves of sorrow, sad and slow, —

A time shall come, when, O, how sweet!
A voice, a heavenly voice, shall say, —
"This is the pathway for thy feet;
Turn hither, turn, no more to stray."

And he shall give thee songs of cheer,
And, O, how blest thy heart shall be!
Mourner in Zion! dry the tear, —
The Lord thy God shall comfort thee.

E. Taylor.

WHO IS ALONE?

"Surely the Lord is in this place." — *Gen.* xxviii. 16.

How heavily the path of life
Is trod by him who walks alone;
Who hears not, on his dreary way,
Affection's sweet and cheering tone;
Alone, — although his heart shall bound
With love to all things great and fair, —
They love him not, — there is not one
His sorrow or his joy to share.

The ancient stars look coldly down
On man, the creature of a day;
They lived before him, and live on,
Till his remembrance pass away.
The mountain lifts its hoary head,
Nor to his homage deigns reply;
The stormy billows bear him forth, —
Regardless which, — to live or die.

The floweret blooms unseen by him,
Unmindful of his warmest praise;
And, if it fades, seeks not his hand,
Its drooping loveliness to raise.
The brute creation own his power,
And, grateful, serve him, though in fear;
Yet cannot sympathize with man;
For, if he weeps, they shed no tear.

Alone, — though in the busy town,
Where hundreds hurry to and fro, —
If there is none, who, for his sake,
A selfish pleasure would forego ; —
And, O, how lonely among those
Who have not skill to read his heart,
When first he learns how summer friends,
At sight of wintry storms, depart !

My Saviour ! and didst thou, too, feel
How sad it is to be alone ;
Deserted, in the adverse hour,
By those who most thy love had known ?
The gloomy path, though distant still,
Was ever present to thy view ;
O, how couldst thou, foreseeing it,
For us that painful course pursue ?

Forsaken by thy nearest friends,
Surrounded by malicious foes,
No kindly voice encouraged thee,
When the loud shout of scorn uprose.
Yet there was calm within thy soul ;
Nor stoic pride that calmness kept ;
Nor Godhead unapproached by woe, —
Like man, thou hadst both loved and wept.

Thou wert not then alone, — for God
Sustained thee by his mighty power ;
His arm most felt, his care most seen,
When needed most, in saddest hour.

None else could comfort, none else knew
How dreadful was the curse of sin;
He who controlled the storm without,
Could gently whisper peace within.

Who is alone, if God be nigh?
Who shall repine at loss of friends,
While he has one of boundless power,
Whose constant kindness never ends?
Whose presence, felt, enhances joy,
Whose love can stop each flowing tear,
And cause, upon the darkest cloud,
The pledge of mercy to appear?

GOD, MY HELPER.

"I was brought low, and he helped me." — *Ps.* cxvi. 6.

O THOU, GOD! who hearest prayer,
Every hour, and everywhere;
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death.
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me, in the hour of need.

Hear, and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within.

May I know myself thy child, —
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

Dearest Lord! may I so much
As thy garment's hem to touch;
Or but raise my languid eye
To the cross, where thou didst die;
It shall make my spirit whole, —
It shall heal and save my soul.

Thou art merciful to save;
Thou hast snatched me from the grave;
I would kiss the chastening rod,
O my Father and my God!
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
O, remember I am dust!
Leave me not, again to stray;
Leave me not, the tempter's prey;
Fix my heart on things above,
Make me happy in thy love.

MY ONLY PORTION.

"Whom have I in heaven, but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." — *Ps.* lxxiii. 25.

Lord of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame has planned;

Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power, —
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought; —
Friendship, — gem transcending price;
Love, — a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light, —
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall join again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze, a glorious company, —
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O, that scene is passing fair!
Yet, shouldst thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost, — thy accents mild,
Homeward lured thy wandering child;
I was blind, — thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away, —

Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe;
Yet should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me?
"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

GRANT.

GOD NEAR.

"Though he be not far from every one of us." — *Acts* xvii. 27.

THOU art near, — yes, Lord, I feel it, —
Thou art near where'er I move;
And, though sense would fain conceal it,
Faith oft whispers it to love.

Thou art near, — O, what a terror
To the soul that loves thee not!
Thou art near to mark each error,
Where it cannot be forgot.

Thou art near, — O, what a blessing
To the souls thy love hath blest!
Souls, thy daily care confessing,
Daily by their God confessed.

Why should I despond or tremble,
When Jehovah stoops to cheer?
But, O, far rather, why dissemble
When Omniscience is near?

Am I weak? thine arm will aid me
Safe through every danger, Lord;
Am I hungry? thou wilt feed me
With the manna of thy word.

Am I thirsty? thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow;
Faint or feeble, thou 'lt provide me
Grace for every want I know.

Am I fearful? thou wilt take me
Underneath thy wings, my God;
Am I faithless? thou wilt make me
Bow beneath thy chastening rod.

Am I drooping? thou art near me,
Near to bear me on my way.
Am I pleading? thou wilt hear me,—
Hear and answer when I pray.

Then, O my soul, since God doth love thee,
Faint not, droop not, do not fear;
For, though his heaven is high above thee,
He himself is ever near;—

Near, to watch thy wayward spirit,
Sometimes cold and careless grown;
But likewise near with grace and merit,
All thy Saviour's, thence thine own.

MONSELL.

GOD NEVER FAILETH.

"Doth his promise fail for evermore." — *Ps.* lxxvii. 8.

Life nor death shall us dissever
From His love, who reigns for ever;
Will he fail us? never, never!
When to him we cry.

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury, passion, tear us!
Doubt and fear, and dark despair,
Their fangs against us try.

But his might shall still defend us,
And his blessèd Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort, ere we die.

LORD, I BELIEVE.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." — *Mark* ix. 24.

Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy, — myself, mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine, —
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summe 's leaf;
Yet, O, forgive! I doubt not, though I fear, —
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

True, I am weak, ah! very weak; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again, —
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

O, draw me nearer; for, too far away,
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief;
While faith, though fainting, still have strength to pray, —
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

MONSELL.

CHEERFUL AND SAD.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." — *James* v. 13.

WAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild Lord commands;
Each word of his will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.

Hark how his sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds;
Whate'er our state and tempers are,
Still some fit work he finds.

They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober way.

So mounts the early, chirping lark,
Still upwards to the skies;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
Sighing out groans and cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing through several parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

Or, rather, both should both assay,
And their cross-notes unite;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes, that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel,
Delights that never end.

All glory to the Sacred Three,
All honor, power, and praise;
As at the first, may ever be,
Beyond the end of days.

PRESUMPTION AND DESPAIR.

"And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved." — *Ps.* xxx. 6.

One time I was allowed to steer
Through realms of azure light;
Henceforth, I said, I need not fear
A lower, meaner flight;
But here shall evermore abide,
In light and splendor glorified.

My heart one time the rivers fed,
Large dews upon it lay;
A freshness it has won, I said,
Which shall not pass away;
But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

But when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor, wounded thing,
I deemed I should not evermore
Refit my shattered wing;
Nailed to the ground, and fastened there,
This was the thought of my despair.

And, when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide,
No hope had I, no trust

That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

But if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to naught,
Two lessons we from this may gain,
If aught *can* teach us aught, —
One lesson rather, — to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

TRENCH.

"I AM LIKE A BROKEN VESSEL."

Ps. xxxi. 12.

O THOU, whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active vigor down, —
Thy choice I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains;
I *choose* the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show;
My patience may thy glory raise, —
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

But since, without thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask, in Jesus' right,
The strength he did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

O, let me live, of thee possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my laboring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languished on the tree, —
But lived, before he died, for me.

STEELE.

CHRIST MY REFUGE.

"Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." — *Heb.* vi. 18.

JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone, —
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ ! art all I want :
More than all in thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name :
I am all unrighteousness,
False, and full of sin I am :
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found ;
Grace, to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound, —
Make, and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art, —
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart, —
Rise, to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"And they came unto him from every quarter." — *Mark.* i. 45.

Go and tell Jesus when thy heart is glad,
And hope and joy and friendship crowd thy way.
Ask for his sanctifying grace o'er all,
That naught may cause thy heart from him to stray.
Go and tell Jesus, making joy more bright,
Shedding o'er all thy path a holy light.

Go and tell Jesus when thy sins arise
In dread and dark perspective to thy sight,
Saviour, I am unclean, unclean, O, save!
O, cheer my gloomy way with thy clear light!
Go and tell Jesus, — he will speak to thee.
Be of good cheer, — thy sins shall pardoned be.

Go and tell Jesus when thy heart is full
Of keen and bitter agony and woe; —
When the dear, precious form of one beloved
Is parted from thee, — in the grave laid low.
Go and tell Jesus, — he will soothe thy grief,
To thy poor, suffering spirit give relief.

Go and tell Jesus when thy weak heart fails,
In looking through the mist of coming years;
Thou think'st of sorrow, pain, and loneliness,
And the bright world seems but a vale of tears.

Go and tell Jesus, — he will say to thee,
I thy good Shepherd am ; O, trust in me !

Go and tell Jesus ; so shall he be thine,
And sweetly will he come and dwell with thee.
Tell *all* to Jesus ; so shalt thou be his,
His through all time and all eternity.
Saviour, I come ; O, teach me how to pray !
Thou only canst, my life, my truth, my way.

CHRIST'S DISCIPLINE.

"Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." — *Heb.* xii. 11.

O Saviour ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy,
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, — but a worm was below ;
The moonlight shone fair, — there was blight in the beam ;

Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe,
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, but cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
But still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of joy that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the sun, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path,—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,
I asked, and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod.
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

THE BORDER-LAND.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." — *Deut.* viii. 7.

I HAVE been to a land, a Border-land,
Where there was but a strange, dim light,
Where shadows and dreams in a spectral band
Seemed real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again ;
Its morning and light were marked by the flight
Or coming of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border-land,
With mountain ridges hoar,
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him, "the Crucified,"
In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought he would call me there.

Yet nay ; for a while in the Border-land
He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,
Whilst he cheered its glooms away.
He has led me amid those shadows dim
And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that earnest trust in Him
Is the one thing needful here.

NOT UNCLOTHED, BUT CLOTHED UPON.

"For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." — 2 *Cor.* v. 4.

In health, O Lord, and prosperous days,
When worldly wealth, or worldly praise,
When worldly thoughts have filled our heart,
We would not from the body part; —
And then the very thought is loathed,
That we must be by death unclothed.

In sickness, sorrow, or in shame,
We fain would quit this mortal frame;
But thus to shrink from toil and pain, —
This is not longing for thy reign;
Brought low, we only seek to be
Unclothed, — not clothed upon by thee.

O, rather help us as we ought
To feel what thine apostle taught, —
That not for aye we seek to wear
This form of clay, corruption's heir;
Nor yet, impatient, ask alone
To be unclothed, but clothed upon.

O blessed Lord! whose merits dress
Thy saints in robes of righteousness;

Through whom, for us, eternal stands
That heavenly house, not made with hands, —
When this frail dwelling sets us free,
Quench thou, in life, mortality.

FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.

"Nevertheless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand." — *Ps.* lxxiii. 23.

When, in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made;
O, this shall check each rising sigh, —
Thou, Saviour, art for ever nigh.

Jesus! in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved, in comparison with thee?
Thy counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
Thou, Lord, shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

My flesh is hastening to decay, —
Soon shall the world have passed away, —

And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and flesh shall fail!
But, O, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

CHRIST'S CARE.

"Master, carest thou not that we perish?" — *Mark* iv. 38.

Such was the disciples' cry,
When the crested waves beat high,
And the heavens above were dark,
O'er the tempest-driven bark.

Such, O Lord, in trial's hour,
When afflictions round us lower,
Now, on life's tempestuous sea,
Our complaining cry to thee.

But thou didst not, though upbraided,
Leave thy followers then unaided;
Prompt to succor, swift to save,
Thou rebukedst wind and wave.

At the word which spoke thy will,
Every stormy wind was still;

At thy voice the waves subsided,
And in gentlest murmurs glided.

Though their faith, too often frail,
In thy power divine might fail;
Though thou mightst reprove their fear,
Still thy saving arm was near.

Thus, O Lord, on us look down,
When above us clouds may frown;
Tossing on a stormy sea,
Helpless, hopeless, but for thee.

Should we deem ourselves forgot,
Let thy mercies fail us not;
But, in doubt's distrustful hour,
Magnify thy love and power.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Heb. xii. 2.

Thou, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cups of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessèd labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, — passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One;
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son!

Our eyes behold thee not;
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,

That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" — *Rom.* viii. 35.

Though sorrows rise and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

O, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;

By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace has planted in my heart, —
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord! Thou lov'st me still!

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

"That I may know the fellowship of his sufferings." — *Phil.* v. 10.

Long plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear!

My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My hours with undiminished force
And speed pursue their destined course,
Obedient to thy will;

Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content, —
Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she
Who followed Christ should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

GUION.

PATIENCE.

"But let patience have her perfect work." — *James* i. 4.

O THOU, to wisdom near allied,
A female virtue void of pride,
Though more, a grace, divine;
Virtue or grace, whiche'er thou art,
The frequent sigh that rends my heart
Proves that thou art not mine.

Though here no furious passion sways,
Too oft a starting tear betrays
A pang that should not be;
Though no resentment holds her seat,
Too apt the unequal pulse to beat,
Sweet Patience, not to thee.

Could reason and her powers of thought
Calm the quick sense to anguish brought,
Soon would the tumult cease;
Pride might control the wayward will,
And bid the rising storm be still,
But vainly whispers peace.

'T is thine, O Patience, to endure
The ills which reason cannot cure,
The trespass unforgiven,
The cold neglect, the taunting sneer;
Stingless the insult meets his ear,
Whose eyes are fixed on heaven.

Fixed on that dear availing sign,
Where once thy suffering Lord and mine
Bowed his meek head and died;
Vain follower of thy suffering Lord,
Think of his life, his death record,
And blush that e'er you sighed.

CHASTISEMENT.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." — *Rev.* iii. 19.

Glory to the righteous God, —
Righteous, yet benign to me!
Still, in his paternal rod,
His paternal love I see;
Let him tenderly chastise,
Let him graciously reprove, —
Father, all within me cries,
"All thy ways are truth and love."

Humbled in the lowest deep,
Thee I for my sufferings bless;
Think of all thy love, and weep
For my own unfaithfulness:
I have most rebellious been,
Thou hast laid thy hand on me,
Kindly visited my sin,
Scourged the wanderer back to thee.

Taught obedience to my God,
By the things I have endured,
Meekly now I kiss the rod,
Wounded by that rod and cured;
Good for me the grief and pain,
Let me but thy grace adore,
Keep the pardon I regain,
Stand in awe, and sin no more.

"GOD IS LOVE."

1 *John* iv. 8.

'T is sweet when cloudless suns arise,
As through the vale we move;
But, O! more sweet to recognize,
Through dreary nights and starless skies,
The smiling face of Love!

I hail the breeze that, soft and clear,
Wafts influence from above;
But chief the storm delighted hear,
While breathes o'er faith's attentive ear
The whispering voice of Love!

When health invigorates the frame,
Let joy the bliss improve;
But torturing pain, and fever's flame,
With teaching power alike proclaim
The tender hand of Love!

Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,
Such blessings taught to prove;
Each cloud that dims thy upward way
Shall more endear the glorious day,
That gilds the land of Love!

Bowring.

"O, BRING ME OUT OF MY DISTRESSES!"

Psalm xxv. 17.

Thou man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,—
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat;
When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.

Father! if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire:
I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

To thee my last distress I bring;
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!
I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O, save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

Wesley.

GOD APPOINTS.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." — *Matt.* x. 30.

Is thy path lonely ? fear it not, for He
Who marks the sparrow's fall is guarding thee ;
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But He doth know that it will meet thy sight,
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,
But tells thee still that thou art unforgot.
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise,
Dwell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

GLORY TO GOD.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory." — *Rev.* iv. 11.

While I walk life's thorny road,
Path of pain, by Jesus trod,
Lead me from temptation's snare,
Be my shield where perils are ;
And my thankful song shall be,
Gloria tibi, Domine !

When the weary race is past,
When the goal is reached at last ;
When sad heart and aching head
In the grave find peaceful bed ;

When the ransomed soul shall rise
All exultant to the skies;
Still my joyful song shall be,
Gloria tibi, Domine!

"A LIVING SACRIFICE."

Rom. xii. 1.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

Vilest of the fallen race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace, —
Grace divinely free for all, —
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

Take my soul's and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, and speak, and do:
Take my heart, — but make it new!

Now, O God, thine own I am:
Now I give thee back thine own, —
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I, —
Happier still, when thine I die.

C. Wesley.

BELIEVING IN HOPE.

"Who against hope believed in hope." — *Rom.* iv. 18.

Who is the weak believer, who
Doth still his weary way pursue;
Inspired with true religious fear,
And following Christ with heart sincere?
Obedient to thy Saviour's voice,
Yet canst thou not in him rejoice,
Nor taste the comforts of his grace,
Nor find a God who hides his face.

Jesus is vanished from thy sight, —
No glimpse of bliss or gleam of light,

To cheer thee in the desert way,
Or promise a return of day.
No evidence of things unseen,
But wars without and fears within, —
No witness of thy sins forgiven,
No ray of hope on this side heaven!

Poor, tempted soul, what canst thou do?
Hope against hope, that God is true:
His nature in his name confess,
His wisdom, power, and righteousness.
The Lord, whom now thou canst not see,
Whate'er he is, he is for thee:
Expect, and thou shalt surely prove,
That God in Christ is perfect love.

WESLEY.

"WATCH YE."

1 *Cor.* xvi. 13.

When summer decks thy path with flowers,
And pleasure's smile is sweetest;
When not a cloud above thee lowers,
And sunshine leads thy happy hours,
Thy happiest and thy fleetest;
O, watch thou, then, lest pleasure's smile
Thy spirit of its hope beguile!

When round thee gathering storms are nigh,
And grief thy days hath shaded;

When earthly joys but bloom to die,
And tears suffuse thy weeping eye,
And hope's bright bow hath faded;
O, watch thou, then, lest anxious care
Invade thy heart, and rankle there!

Through all life's scenes, through weal and woe,
Through days of mirth and sadness;
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go, —
O, think how transient here below
Thy sorrow and thy gladness!
And watch thou always, lest thou stray
From Him who points the heavenward way.

BETHESDA.

John v. 2 - 9.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtues to that holy spring, —
With earnest, fixèd solitude,
Were seen the afflicted multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred,
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred,

Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given, — and gone.

No power had he ; no friendly aid
To him its timely succor brought ;
But while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought ; —
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone !

Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye ;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His sovereign power to make them whole.

But habit and tradition swayed
Their mind to trust to sense alone ;
They only sought the angel's aid ;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far, than he, —
With power from grief and pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power ;
No angel by his glad descent
Dispenses that diviner dower,
Which with its healing waters went ;
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

BARTON.

MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." — *Gen.* xxxi. 49.

When friend from friend is parting,
And in each speaking eye
The silent tears are starting,
To tell what words deny;
How could we bear the heavy load
Of such heart-agony,
Could we not cast it all, our God,
Our gracious God, on thee?
And feel that thou kind watch will keep
When we are far away;
That thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper,
That better 't would betide,
If we were near the friends we love,
And watching by their side;
But sure thou 'lt love them dearer, Lord,
For trusting thee alone;
And sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
The further we are gone.
Then why be sad? since thou wilt keep
Watch o'er them day by day;
Since thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
And hear *us* when we pray.

O for that bright and happy land,
Where, far amid the blest,
" The wicked cease from troubling, and
The weary are at rest."
Where friends are never parted,
Once met around thy throne ;
And none are broken-hearted,
Since all, with thee, are one !
Yet, O, till then, watch o'er us keep,
While far from thee away ;
And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

MONSELL.

THE BIBLE.

" The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." — *Ps.* cxix. 72.

PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford !
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword :
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Food, to which the world 's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys :

On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

When my faith is faint and sickly,
  Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
  Healing medicines, here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation,
  Satan cannot make me yield,
For the word of consolation
  Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I 'm secure.

Shall I envy, then, the miser,
  Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
  I am rich, 't is he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his word
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

NEWTON.

HOME.

"Then the disciples went away unto their own home." — *John* xx. 10.

WHERE burns the fireside brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the hour of sadness
With meek-eyed patience borne?
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn!
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness,
At home, — sweet home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief, —
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief:
There, eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, — sweet home!

Does pure religion charm thee
  Far more than aught below ?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
  Against the hour of woe ?
Her dwelling is not only
  In temples built for prayer ;
For home itself is lonely,
  Unless her smiles be there ;
Wherever we may wander,
  'T is all in vain we roam,
If worshipless her altar
    At home, — sweet home !

BARTON.

HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

" Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ! " — *Ps.* cxxxiii. 1.

O, SWEET as vernal dews, that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
  When evening clouds draw thither, —
So sweet, so heavenly, 't is to see
The members of one family
  Live peacefully together !

The children, like the lily flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
  Their hues of beauty blending, —

The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping!

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together!

KNOX.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." — *Matt.* i. 21.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled,
Sàtan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

THE COURTS OF THE LORD.

Psalm lxxxiv.

Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints;
For the brightness of thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe,
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O, shower them, Lord, on me!

LYTE.

SICKNESS ON THE SABBATH.

"When shall I come and appear before God?" — *Ps.* xlii. 2.

I HEAR the bells, I see them go,
I may not join the throng
Of faithful Christians here below,
Nor hear the grateful song,
Which in those sacred walls they raise
Unto our blessed Redeemer's praise.

Dare I repine, or think it hard,
By sickness and by pain,
That I should be so long debarred
Treading those courts again?
O, no! it is my Father's will;
'T is his command; my heart, be still!

For well I know his love is raised
Beyond what we can feel;

His word is sure, his truth engaged
The weak to raise and heal.
I know that his almighty power
Surrounds and guards me every hour.

In weakness, Lord, be thou my strength;
And when it is thy will
In health to raise me up at length,
Make me to praise thee still;
And feel, that thy afflicting rod
Has drawn me nearer to my God.

And when life's weary path is trod,
Its fleeting shadows past;
May I repose on thee, my God,
In perfect peace, at last!
Then shall I know, then shall I see,
That all has worked for good to me.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." — *Zech.* xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

COWPER.

DETAINED FROM THE SANCTUARY.

"For I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day." — *Ps* xlii. 4.

Sweet Sabbath bells! I love your voice, —
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I cannot go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured;
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

His sanctuary is the heart, —
There, with the contrite, will he rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

SLEEP.

"So he giveth his beloved sleep." — *Ps.* cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep, —
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this, —
"He giveth his beloved sleep"?

What would we give to *our* beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, —
The senate's shout for patriot vows, —
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved, —
A little dust, to overweep, —
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

'Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say;
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams, that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreamy noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill, —
His cloud above it saileth still, —
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder, while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say, — and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard, —
"He giveth his beloved slèep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees, through tears, the juggler's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
And childlike on His love repose,
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me, —

When round my bier ye come to weep,—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say,—"Not a tear must o'er her fall,—
He giveth his beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"IF CHRIST IS MINE."

Cant. ii. 16.

"IF Christ is mine," then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things, and things to come,
And grace and glory, too.

"If he is mine," then, though he frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.

"If he is mine," I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

"If he is mine," let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

"If he is mine," I 'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He 'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

Let Christ assure me "he is mine,"
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

BEDDOME.

EVENING LITANY.

"Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." — *Ps.* cxli. 2.

FATHER! by thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour;
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father! guard our couch from ill,
Lull thy children to repose;
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

Saviour! to thy Father bear
This, our feeble evening prayer;

Thou hast seen how oft, to-day,
We, like sheep, have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
  Wishes to thy cross untrue;
Secret faults, and undescribed,
  Meet thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessed Saviour! yet, through thee,
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep:
Lead us on our sins to muse,
  Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
  Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,—
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity! be near,
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are;—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let your angels, guardian host,
  Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

EVENING HYMN.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening."—*Ps.* civ. 23.

THE gaudy day is dying!
The hours of evening, flying,
Chase household cares away;
Awhile soft twilight lingers,
Till night with dewy fingers
Shall close the weary eye of day.

O, let us, ere we slumber,
Heaven's bounties try to number,
Too great for tongue to tell;
Our grateful hearts confessing,
With each recounted blessing,
That God has ordered all things well.

No fears disturb us sleeping,
Our souls are in thy keeping,
Our hearts repose on thee;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake us,
Whether the dawn awake us
Here, or in blest eternity.

Lord! 't is thy hand that guides us,
And with all good provides us,
In this our pilgrimage,

O, be our praise unceasing,
Our love each day increasing
To life's remote and latest stage!

RINCK

EVENING TIME.

"It shall come to pass, that at evening there shall be light." — *Zech.* xiv. 7.

AT evening time, let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time, let there be light.

At evening time, let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright, —
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;
O for one sweet, one parting ray! —
At evening time, let there be light.

At evening time, there *shall* be light,
For God hath spoken, — it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'T is evening time, — and there *is* light.

MONTGOMERY.

THE HEAD SICK, THE HEART FAINT.

Isaiah i. 5.

Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry;
While for thy gift of healing
We raise our voice on high;
Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are,
Chastisements and corrections,
To quicken us in prayer.

We own our guilt and folly,
But thou canst still forgive;
And thou, most high and holy,
Canst bid the sick revive:
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead;
Physician, we adore thee,
And, trembling, ask thine aid.
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee, we cry;
Send down thy gift of healing,—
On thee our souls rely.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

"At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee, because of thy righteous judgments." — *Ps.* cxix. 62.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee;
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And, if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 't is thy will.

For, O, in spite of past or present care,
Or any thing beside, — how joyfully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For, what is there on earth, that I desire,
Of all that it can give, or take from me?
Or whom, in heaven, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

NIGHT.

"The morning cometh, and also the night." — *Isa.* xxi. 12.

Night is the time to muse;
Then, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight; and, with expanded views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries, athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends, — such death be mine.

MONTGOMERY.

MORNING.

"The morning cometh, and also the night." — *Isa.* xxi. 12.

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity;
And ask our souls, if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat.

Morn is the time to die, —
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade, like them, away;
But lost in light more brilliant far,
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
The resurrection morn,
Upspringing to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine, —
Be such ecstatic rising mine.

I. L. Gray.

AUTUMNAL HYMN.

"And we all do fade as a leaf." —*Isa.* lxiv. 6.

The leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must, too, decline;
The year, its life resigning, —
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves, to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys, that round me wing, —
All melt, like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray, —
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me,
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait, they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin!"

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come, —
A sinner to salvation;
An exile to his home:
But, while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

LYTE.

BIRTH OF A CHILD.

"Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." — *Job.* v. 7.

GENTLE stranger! fearless come
To our quiet, happy home; —
Bud of being, beauty's flower,
Sprung to birth this smiling hour, —
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.

Nothing, yet, thine eyes can see,
Of the world's dread mystery;
Of the tumult and the strife,
That embitter human life; —
But thy Maker's eye can view
Present scenes, and future, too.

Little can thy bosom know
Of the pangs and griefs, that flow

From a heart impure within, —
From a world defiled by sin ;
Yet, if trembling life is spared,
Heaven, in mercy, be thy guard.

Saviour ! from thy heavenly throne,
Smile upon this little one ;
Let thy spirit be its guide, —
Let its wants be well supplied ;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood, —
Fit it for thy high abode.

WILKS.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

" Come down, ere my child die." — *John* iv. 49.

JESUS, great healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear ;
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his prayer.

I look for help in thee alone,
To thee for succor fly ;
My son is sick, my darling son,
And at the point to die.

By deep distress a suppliant made,
By agony of grief,
Most justly might thy love upbraid
My lingering unbelief.

Surely, if thou pronounce the word,
If thou the answer give,
My dying son shall be restored,
And to thy glory live.

O, save the father, in the son!
Restore him, Lord, to me;
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give him back to thee.

C. WESLEY.

THE DYING SON.

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept" — 2 *Sam.* xviii. 33.

AND must thou die, my darling boy?
I see the fatal shade,
That o'er thy blooming cheek of joy
The hand of death has laid:
And soon the appointed hour must come,
To bear thy ransomed spirit home.

I loved to gaze upon thy face,
And mark thine open brow,
Where care as yet had stamped no trace,
To picture human woe:
There all was peaceful, all was fair,
Like the sweet smile that rested there.

Must I no more behold that smile,
  Nor feel thy hand entwine,
In fond, endearing love, awhile,
  Its gentle clasp in mine ?
Or see thine ardent spirit glow
With joys, that only youth can know ?

But these are selfish thoughts, that wrong
  A Christian parent's love ;
Vain thoughts, that suit the worldly throng,
  Who never look above
Earth's bounded scene, earth's narrow sphere,
  But centre all their treasures here.

Let me not mourn, that thou wilt be
  A tenant of the sky, —
Escaped from life's tumultuous sea,
  And frail mortality :
When storms arise, and tempests blow,
No adverse gale thy bark shall know.

Let me rejoice, to think that thou
  Hast early joined the blest ;
Before thy youthful heart could know
  Aught to disturb its rest, —
Before earth's chilling storms had given
A blight to fruit prepared for heaven.

BY THE BEDSIDE OF A SICK CHILD.

"David, therefore, besought God for the child."—2 *Sam.* xii. 16

Now all is done, that love, and care,
And skilful kindness could suggest;
And He, who heard our anxious prayer,
Will answer as his love thinks best:
O that both hopes and fears were still,
Waiting on his mysterious will!

And yet, both hopes and fears will crowd
Around that bright and precious child;
And both will speak their thoughts aloud,
Till this distracted heart is wild:
O might they all give place to one
Heart-filling prayer,—"God's will be done!"

Sometimes a dream of what may be,
Comes, like soft sunshine, o'er the heart;
I hear his prattle at my knee,
Feel his warm cheek near mine, and start
To find it—ah! so cold and pale,
That hope (and wellnigh faith) doth fail.

And then, again, the dream returns,—
Childhood and youth are safely o'er;
His eye with manhood's ardor burns,
Fears hover round his path no more:
Hopes, with their buds and blossoms, all
Burst, where his bounding footsteps fall.

He seems to speak, — with anxious ear
My very heart waits breathless by ;
His lips are parted, — and I hear,
My precious babe, thy restless cry ; —
E'en hope, affrighted, flees away,
As if it had no heart to stay.

Come, then, my God, and take the place
Of these distracting hopes and fears ;
'Stablish this trembling heart with grace,
Dry with thine hand these falling tears ;
And teach me to confide in thee
The treasure thou couldst trust with me.

Happy if, rescued from the strait
Of being called on to decide,
Here with submissive soul I wait,
By thy decision to abide, —
Life, with its blessings and its pain,
Or death, with its " to die is gain."

MONSELL.

FOR MY MOTHER.

" Despise not thy mother when she is old." — *Prov.* xxiii. 22.

O, HOW soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by thee !
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet!

It was the good Physician now
  Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow;
Whispering, as he raised thy head,—
  "It is I, be not afraid."

God of glory, God of grace,
  Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place;
Hear, in mercy, and forgive,
  Bid thy child believe, and live.

Bless her, and she shall be blest,
  Soothe her, and she shall have rest;
Fix her heart, her hopes, above,
  Love her, Lord, for thou art love.

THE AGED.

"Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." — *Ps.* lxxi. 18.

With years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
  To thee, O God, I pray;
To thee my withered hands arise,
To thee I lift these failing eyes,
  O, cast me not away!

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
  Sustained my childish days,
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
  And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour! has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the Eternal mind?
  Or time its lone decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
  Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
  And bow my faltering knee.
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
  Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
  Thy goodness tried so long:
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
  Into a seraph's song.

GRANT.

THE DYING FATHER.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." — *Jer.* xlix. 11.

O THOU faithful God of love!
Gladly I thy promise plead;
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead:
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer!

Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
To them all thy blessings give:
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

Whom I to thy grace commend,
Under thy protection take:
Be her sure, immortal friend;
Save her for my Saviour's sake:
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove;

Me and mine vouchsafe to bless,
Tell me, we shall meet above:
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart!

C. WESLEY.

SICKNESS AND HEALING.

"Healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people." — *Matt.* iv. 23.

How frail are these bodies of clay!
How soon all their vigor is lost!
They flourish in beauty to-day, —
To-morrow they mingle with dust.

So flowers in the morning may rise,
Unfolding their leaves to the sun;
While the breath of each zephyr that sighs
May blast them, and soon they are gone.

Afflictions spring not from the ground,
Diseases our Sovereign obey;
His hand can heal every wound,
Or fill us with death and dismay.

We lie at thy sovereign control,
O Lord, in this hour of distress;

Physician of body and soul,
Send down thy recovering grace.

O, speak, and the dying shall live,
Jehovah, almighty to save!
At thy voice, e'en the dead shall revive,
And triumph, at last, o'er the grave.

CONVALESCENCE.

"For indeed he was sick nigh unto death; but God had mercy on him." — *Phil.* ii. 27.

All hail! thou lengthener of my days!
Thy still preserving love I praise,
And thankfully receive
The present of my life restored:
O, may I spend it for thee, Lord,
And to thy glory live!

No other end of life I 'd know,
Nor would I live one hour below
But to declare thy praise;
To suffer all thy holy will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil,
And publish all thy grace.

Wesley.

LET HER DEPART.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." — 2 *Cor.* iv. 18.

Her home is far, O, far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath naught to do with earthly day,
'T is kindled from the skies.
Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
Even as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
How softly, yet how far!
Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope, — her bosom's love, —
O, could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wings to sigh.
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her beloved is gone.
Let her depart!

HEMANS.

THE SICK CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." — *Heb.* xi. 16.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child?"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair:
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

HEMANS.

THE SLEEPER.

"For there is that neither day nor night seeth sleep." — *Eccles.* viii. 16.

O, LIGHTLY, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious, dewy cloud;
A covering mantle, given
The weary to enshroud.

O, lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale, still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow!

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim, faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance;
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old, sweet native sound,
Her spirit haply weaves,
A harmony profound,
Of woods with all their leaves.

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams: —
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair, —
O, lightly, lightly tread!

HEMANS.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me." — *Matt.* xxv. 40.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me in my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed and brake,
And ate, — but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o'er, —
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirits, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; — he was healed; —
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

I saw him next in prison, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him, 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, — "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!

He spoke, and my poor name he named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, — thou didst them unto me."

MONTGOMERY.

"WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

John xx. 13

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more!
Hear what comfort he hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruisèd reed who ne'er hath broken: —
"Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go!
Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,
Come to me and be at rest!"

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice, —
'T is a true and faithful saying: —
"Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee?
Bought with pain, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live! — why will ye die!"

Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Far from consolation flying;

He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing: —
"Bring thy broken heart to me;
Welcome offering it shall be;
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice."

JOY IN GOD.

"I will be glad in the Lord." — *Ps.* civ. 34.

When morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks, with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night, —

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still, to my Father and my friend
My wishes are addressed.

Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
And bid my pleasures flee,
Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy;
I will be glad in thee.

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

THE INQUIRY.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest." — *Job.* iii. 17.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar, —
Do ye not know some spot,
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play, —
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,

Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lies,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace, —
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew, in woe,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my sacred soul,
O, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes," —
in heaven.

THE INVITATION.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." — *Rev.* xxii. 17.

"COME, WHO WILL," — the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls:
"COME, WHO WILL," — the Church hath given
Back the echo from the walls.

"Come" to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne;
"Come," where God, his gifts bestowing,
In the Church on earth is known.

Heavenly music, — each who listens,
Longing for his spirit's home,
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Burns to say, — "I come, I come."

EMPTY AND FLEETING.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." — *Eccl.* i. 2.

AH, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *life* of mortal man!
Like the flow of rapid river,
Pausing in its pathway never, —
So our days are flowing, ever.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *joy* of sighing man!
Transient as a moment's treasure,
Mocking like a shadow's measure, —
So is man's uncertain pleasure.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Does all human *beauty* seem!
Like the form of a fragile flower,
Withering in an evil hour, —
So is beauty's fading power.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *honor* of mankind!
Yesterday, the hero hoary
Was the theme of every story, —
Now he lies disrobed of glory.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the *wealth* of eager man!
Fire consumes while he is sleeping,
Floods come on, in fury sweeping, —
Man is left alone, and weeping.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Are the things of human life!
All things here together taken
May be gone ere we awaken, —
Faith alone remains unshaken.

MICHAEL FRANK.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." — *Heb.* iv. 9.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast, —
'T is found alone in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, — in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; — 't is heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene, in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.

CHRIST UNCHANGING.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." — *Heb.* xiii. 8.

CHANGE is written everywhere,
Time and death o'er all are ranging;
Seasons, creatures, all declare,
Man is mortal, earth is changing.

Life, and all its treasures, seem
Like a sea in constant motion;
Thanks for an eternal beam,
Shining o'er the pathless ocean.

One by one, although each name
Providence or death will sever;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

"Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance." — *Heb.* x. 34.

Ah! why this disconsolate frame?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day.
Though molten awhile in the fire,
'T is only the gold to refine;
And be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

What can be the pleasure to me,
Which earth, in its fulness, can boast?
Delusive, its vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment, at most!
And if the Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies,
Ah! why is so dear to my heart
What he, in his wisdom, denies?

Though riches to others be given,
Their corn and their vintage abound;
Yet, if I have treasure in heaven,
Where should my affections be found?
Why stoop for the glittering sands,
Which they are so eager to share,
Forgetting those wealthier lands,
That form my inheritance there?

Dear Jesus, my feelings refine,
My truant affections recall;
Then, be there no fruit on the vine,
Deserted and empty the stall;
The long-labored olive may die,
The field may no harvest afford;
But, under the gloomiest sky,
My soul shall rejoice in the Lord.

Then let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow;
The haven, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe
When, safe on the beautiful strand,
I'll smile at the billows, that foam;
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

TAYLOR.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth." — *Ps.* xc. 6.

O, WHAT is life? — 'T is like a flower,
That blossoms, and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on;
Death comes; and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

O, what is life? — 'T is like the bow
That glistens in the sky;
We love to see its colors glow,
But while we look they die;
Life fails as soon, — to-day 't is here, —
To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life? — If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care;
Though life depart, our joys shall last,
When life and all its joys are past.

TAYLOR.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

1 *Cor.* vii. 29.

WHETHER we smile or weep,
Time wings his flight;
Days, hours, they never creep;
Life speeds like light.

Whether we laugh or groan,
Seasons change fast;
Nothing hath ever flown
Swift as the past.

Whether we chafe or chide,
On is Time's pace;
Never his noiseless step
Doth he retrace.

Speeding, still speeding on,
How, none can tell;
Soon will he bear us
To heaven or hell.

Dare not, then, waste thy days,
Reckless and proud;
Lest, while ye dream not,
Time spread thy shroud.

FLEETNESS OF LIFE.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." — *Ps.* xc. 10.

Behold
How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man;
In those well-tempered days, his life was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

How vain,
How wretched, is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this;
His days are short at longest, few at most,
They are but bad at best, yet lavished out or lost.

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagle's wings.
Our life 's a clock; and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this how soon to gray-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun;
And, ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done;
Man! count thy days; and, if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

QUARLES.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

" One dieth in his full strength ; and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul."— *Job* xxi. 23, 25.

When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirits greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas ! how hard it is to die !

When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties press ; and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful, then, it is to die !

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah ! then how easy 't is to die !

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'T is nature's precious boon, to die !

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'T is joy, 't is triumph, then, to die !

BARBAULD.

THE WORLD TO COME.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." — *Heb.* xi. 16.

If all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond, —
O, what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who could venture then to die, —
Or who could venture then to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath, —
Who could exist in such a tomb,
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given;
'T is this that makes our darkness day, —
'T is this that makes our earth a heaven;
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

BOWRING.

THINGS UNSEEN.

"For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." — 2 *Cor.* iv. 18.

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

Jesus was wrapt from mortal gaze,
And clouds conveyed him hence;
Enthroned amid the sapphire blaze,
Beyond our feeble sense.

Yet say not, — Who shall mount on high,
To bring him from above?
For, lo! the Lord is always nigh
The children of his love.

The Saviour, whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot see;
And, is he here? O, wondrous thought!
And will he dwell with me?

I ask not, with my mortal eye
To view the vision bright;
I dare not see thee, lest I die;
Yet, Lord, restore my sight.

Give me to see thee, and to feel
The mental vision clear;
The things unseen, reveal, reveal;
And let me know them near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife,
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

J. Taylor.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

Job vii. 16.

I would not live alway, — live alway below!
O, no! I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway, — I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
Where, seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found :
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, — thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within ;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears :
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway, — no, welcome the tomb ;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom ;
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head ;
O, soft are the slumbers on that holy bed !
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway ? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air:
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
O, give me, O, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay, 't is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

MUHLENBURG.

I AM WEARY.

"For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country." — *Heb.* xi. 14.

I AM weary of straying, — O, fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest!
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

I am weary of hoping — where hope is untrue:
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;

I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away,—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I am weary,—but, O, let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine!

COMMITTING THE SOUL TO JESUS.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"—*Acts* vii. 59.

Thou, whose never-failing arm
Led me all my earthly way,
Brought me out of every harm
Safely to my closing day,—
Thou in whom I now believe,
Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

From this state of sin and pain,
From this world of grief and strife.
From this body's mortal chain,
From this weak, imperfect life, —
Thou in whom I now believe,
Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

To the mansions of thy love,
To the spirits of the just,
To the angel hosts above,
To THYSELF, my only trust, —
Thou in whom I now believe,
Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

LYTE.

DESIRING TO DEPART.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." — *Heb.* xi. 16.

My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth;
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow?
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

Why art thou for delay?
Thou cam'st not here to stay;

What tak'st thou for thy part
But heavenly pleasure?
Where then should be thy heart,
But where 's thy treasure?

Thy God, thy Head 's above;
There is the world of love;
Mansions there purchased are
By Christ's own merit;
For these he doth prepare
Thee by his Spirit.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit;
I trust thy love and merit;
Take home thy wandering sheep,
For thou hast sought it;
My soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." — *Phil.* i. 23.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

My Saviour, whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline, —

O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

COWPER.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." — *Phil.* i. 23.

HASTE, my spirit, fly away!
'T is thy gracious Saviour calls;
Leave this tenement of clay,
Quit its broken, shattered walls;
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.

Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
I should rather mourn for you;
Every woe and sin I flee,
Christ and heaven are in my view;
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.

God hath sent his envoy, death
Earthly blessings I resign;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransomed soul of mine;
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

"Spirit, leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

"Prisoner, long detained below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome, from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high;
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls!
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And *eternity* thy day!"

MONTGOMERY.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

"O death, where is thy sting?"—1 *Cor.* xv. 55

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distressed?
Willing to retain its guest?
'T is not thou, but it, must die,—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him ;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar ;
Safe in the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve,
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there!

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail :
Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade :
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven, —
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death!

TOPLADY.

SURRENDER AND DEPARTURE.

"Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." — *Ps.* xxxi. 5.

God of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
Father! I come to thee.

Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come to thee.

Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
My God! I come to thee.

I come to join that countless host,
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come to thee.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" — *Acts.* xxi. 13.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'T is the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine, — he cannot fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength — for ever!
Weep not for me.

DABE.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" — *Acts.* xxi 13.

O, WEEP not for me! I can never be blest,
Till my sorrowful spirit in Jesus shall rest;
Till this body of sin and of death be destroyed,
And the soul for its glory alone be employed.

O, weep not for me! now my joys will begin;
I shall know the full meaning of ceasing from sin;
I shall know how the saints are made perfect in love,
And be spotless and pure as the angels above.

O, weep not for me! soon my death-pangs will cease,
And this suffering body will slumber in peace;
My soul, even now, is in haste to be gone,
And her robe with the undefiled saints to put on.

O, weep not for me! the glad moment is come,
Which tells me I am now made meet for my home;
My Saviour has willed I should now be removed,
His face to behold, whom unseen I have loved.

O, weep not for me! I can welcome the pains
Which break every bond that my spirit detains;
And ere long, by his own gracious hand, the last tear
Will be wiped from these eyes, which so often weep here.

THE RIGHTEOUS IN DEATH.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth." — *Rev.* xiv. 13.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around, —
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell ! conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" How blest the righteous when he dies ! "

BARBAULD.

THE DYING INFANT.

" He shall tell thee what shall become of the child." — 1 *Kings* xiv. 3.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in woe ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me ;
Morn advances, — let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On this world's wide, boisterous flood;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee;
Now my trembling heart find rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning toward their home:
Raptured they 'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

There, my mother, pleasures centre;
Weeping, parting, care, or woe
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter: —
Morn advances, — let me go.

As, through this calm and holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
(Though no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Now again his voice I hear:
Rise! may every grace attend thee,
Rise! and seek to meet me there.

CECIL.

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

"For it is better for me to die than to live." — *Jonah* iv. 3.

My mother, look not on me now
With that sad, earnest eye:
Blame me not, mother; blame not thou
My heart's last wish, — to die.

I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not; on my brow is set
The age of grief, not years:
Its furrows thou mayst wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears.

And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary even to sigh,
O, mother, mother! thou wouldst start,
And say, " 'T were best to die."

I know 't is summer on the earth,
I hear a pleasant tune
Of waters in their chiming mirth ;
I feel the breath of June.

The roses through my lattice look ;
The bee goes singing by ;
The peasant takes his harvest hook, —
Yet, mother, let me die.

There 's nothing in this time of flowers,
That hath a voice for me, —
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free.

There 's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high ;
Then, mother, now my heart 's above, —
Kind mother, let me die.

JEWSBURY.

IMMORTALITY.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" — *Job* xiv. 14.

In the dust I 'm doomed to sleep,
But shall not sleep for ever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage, never.
Years in rapid course shall roll,
By time's chariot driven,
And my reawakened soul
Wing its flight to heaven.

What though o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal; —
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

Bowring.

THE POOR MAN'S DEATH-BED.

"Yet no man remembered that same poor man." — *Eccles.* ix. 15.

Tread softly! bow the head,
In reverent silence bow!
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! how great soe'er,
With lowly reverence bow!
There 's one in that poor shed,
One by that wretched bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter, — no crowds attend:
Enter, — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
No whispering courtiers tread.
One silent woman stands,
Chafing, with pale, thin hands,
A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound;
An infant wail alone:
A sob suppressed, — again
That short, deep gasp, — and then
The parting groan!

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, — so low
In mortal prayer, — and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
Here lies the senseless clod;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes, —
Wakes with his God.

C. Bowles.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." — *Luke* ii. 29.

'T is enough, — the hour is come
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth and God of love!

Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high!
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.

Sun of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
See the beams, intensely shed,
Shine on Zion's favored head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth and God of love!

MERRICK.

"THE TIME OF THE DEAD."

Rev. xi. 18.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their soul dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet him!

Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross I wait the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him!

LUTHER.

HEAVENLY REST.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."—*Heb.* iv. 9.

SWEET is the name of rest!
How much the word conveys!
It is to be supremely blest
In the bright world of praise.

It is to rest from sin,
Which here will still endure;
The holy place to enter in,
And be for ever pure.

It is to rest from pain,
From grief, from doubt, from fear:
No sickness, parting, death again,
Nor any falling tear.

It is to rest with Him,
Whom now unseen we trust,
With cherubim and seraphim,
And spirits of the just.

A perfect cloudless rest,
An endless Sabbath-day;
Blest portion yet to be possessed,
And never fade away.

HEAVEN.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." — *Rev.* xxi. 4.

No sickness there, —
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts, are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;
Its billows break and melt away in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame,
No moon is needed there. The light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower,
Or withered bud, celestial gardens know;
No scorching blast, or fierce-descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread;
The song of peace creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day.

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." — *Eph.* iii. 15.

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Each moment, to their endless home,
Some parting spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood and stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

THOUGHTS OF ETERNITY.

"And fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power."—1 *Thess.* i. 11.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress!
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late,
Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

WESLEY.

OUR REST.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." — *Rom.* viii. 18.

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over the rough road and up the steep hill-side ;
O city of our God ! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat ;
O city of our God ! I fain would rest, —
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness !
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth ;
O city of our God ! within thy walls
All — all are clothed again with thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin, —
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again ;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain ?

Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary, too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O city of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, — home of the loved and blest.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

Job vii. 16.

Earth is the spirit's rayless cell;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell; —

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done;
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft fresh gales of spring.

O, not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer amid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly! —
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife; —
O for its home in the upper life!
When, when will death draw nigh?

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

"Brought life and immortality to light." — 2 *Tim.* i. 10.

Night turns to day: —
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms: —
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring: —
When icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace: —
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groaned the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose: —
With noontide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Gray twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life: —
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

MONTGOMERY.

MEET AGAIN.

"That he should gather together in one the children of God." — *John* xi. 52.

Joyful words, — we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting:
Life in death, — we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compassed round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last.

Montgomery.

"BEHOLD, I WAS LEFT ALONE."

Isa. xlix. 21.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness,
Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? — life's current, faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well, — my spirit parts in peace.

MONTGOMERY.

THE GRAVE.

"He believeth not that he shall return out of darkness." — *Job* xv. 22.

THERE is a calm for those who weep ;
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil ;
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

The grave that never spoke before
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O, listen ! I will speak no more ! —
Be silent, pride !

Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

O, live and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home!

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot, — where'er thou be, —
Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore:
'T is done! arise! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground, —

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

Montgomery.

"A BETTER COUNTRY."

Heb. xi. 16.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes, —

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore!

WATTS.

SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" — *Rev.* vii. 13.

WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour!"

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living waters lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.

MONTGOMERY.

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee." — *Numb.* vi. 24.

Parting soul! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar:
Yet look on, — the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore!
There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just, in shining raiment,
Wander by Immanuel's side.

Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Though its cold, dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee
Guides the path to yonder skies:
Hark! the sound of angels, hymning,
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear:
See the walls and golden portals
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul, adieu! this gloomy sojourn
Holds thy captive feet no more;
Flesh is dropped, and sin forsaken,
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
Through the tears thy friends are shedding
Smiles of hope serenely shine;
Not a friend remains behind thee,
But would change his lot for thine.

Edmonstone.

FAREWELL.

"He giveth his beloved sleep." — *Ps.* cxxvii. 2.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Dear, cherished form! no longer mine,
But bearing in thy clay-cold breast
A hidden germ of life divine;
Which, when the eternal spring shall bloom,
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Unbroken will thy slumbers be;
Satan can now no more molest,
And death has done his worst on thee;
Lie down, thy hallowed sleep to take,
Till clothed with glory thou shalt wake.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
We can no longer watch thy bed,
But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee day and night instead;
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,
Christ in his glory they shall see.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
My eyes must weep, — my heart must mourn;
But to thy soul, with Jesus blest,
For comfort and for hope I turn;
Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow,
Sorrow can never reach thee now.

Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Let *me* betake myself to prayer,
Binding faith's corselet on my breast,
Lest Satan find an entrance there;
God gave; — though now his gift he claim,
Still, blessed be his holy name!

BARTON.

FOR A BLIND PERSON.

"He endured, as seeing him who is invisible." — *Heb.* xi. 27.

ARE nature's charms all hidden
For ever from thy view?
Am I in darkness bidden
My journey to pursue?
My Father! O my Father!
Thy child can trust thee still,
And strength from thee can gather,
To suffer all thy will.

Though many a form be shrouded,
That once inspired delight,
My soul's clear eye, unclouded,
And filled with inward light,
May gaze with steadier vision
On things to faith revealed,
And wait in meek submission
For all to be unsealed.

Vain things that once deluded,
The world's false glare and show,
By loss of sight excluded,
Nor please, nor tempt me now.
Should I not welcome blindness,
If sent, my God, by thee,
In thy parental kindness,
To break earth's spells for me?

O, if this sad privation,
Which men misfortune deem,
Make Christ and his salvation
"The one thing needful" seem,
I then shall gain that treasure,
Impervious to decay,
Which care, ambition, pleasure,
Might else have snatched away.

On thee, my God! reclining,
From things external freed,
Calm, peaceful, unrepining,
I go where thou shalt lead.
Loved looks, still lovelier seeming,
In memory's glow arrayed,
On me are ever beaming,
Undimmed by sorrow's shade.

Loved voices still can cheer me,
Sweet birds my ear can charm,
Kind guardians, ever near me,
Watch to protect from harm;

But, O! the thought most cheering,
Fraught with delight untold,
Is this, — at thine appearing,
Thy face I shall behold.

JESUS LIVES.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." — *Job* xix. 25.

Jesus lives! my life, my joy,
Where, O death, is now thy terror?
Soon his light I shall enjoy,
Free from darkness, sin, and error;
He from darkness sets me free,
This is my security.

Jesus lives! to him alone
Power o'er all the earth is given;
Soon I shall behold his throne,
Soon with him shall reign in heaven;
God fulfils his own decree,
This is my security.

Jesus lives! who saved my soul;
His be every thought and feeling,
He shall all my heart control,
All my aims and wishes sealing;
Faithful to his own is he,
This is my security.

Jesus lives! and from his love
Naught my soul shall ever sunder,
Naught beneath, nor aught above,
Satan's wrath, nor Sinai's thunder;
Strength he gives, abundant, free,—
This is my security.

Jesus lives! the hour of death
Ushers to a life unending;
O, what rapture in that breath,
(Anguish every fibre rending,)
If my soul may say to thee,
Thou art my security!

GELLERT.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

Rev. vii. 12

ETERNITY, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
So fleet our time glides on to thee,
As to its port the ship at sea,
As courier swift and martial steed,
As from the bow the arrows speed.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!

As on a sphere all smooth and round,
End and beginning are not found;
For ever, ever thus with thee,—
Unending, vast eternity!

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Thou art a ring of boundless size,
Unceasing time thy centre is,
Thy circuit never can be found,
Since thee shall limits never bound.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
If, on its long and tedious way,
Some bird should bear our world away,
In every thousand years one sand,
Still thou wouldst undiminished stand.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
If only in each thousandth year
Some single eye should drop one tear,
So vast the flood at length would grow,
It would the heavens and earth o'erflow.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Nor ocean drops, nor sandy beach,
The number of thy years can reach;

All computation strives in vain,
Thy vast, thy boundless length to gain.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
O man! so long as God shall reign,
So long will be the sinner's pain,
So long the blest their tongues employ; —
How long that pain, how long that joy!

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting	216
Ah! why this disconsolate frame?	220
All hail! thou lengthener of my days!	205
And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"?	111
And must thou die, my darling boy?	197
And shall I, Lord, the cup decline	63
And wilt thou hear the fevered heart	73
A poor wayfaring man of grief	210
Are nature's charms all hidden	269
Around Bethesda's healing wave	169
Art thou a pilgrim, and alone	105
Ask, and ye shall receive	112
As oft, with worn and weary feet	71
As, panting in the sultry beam	114
At evening time, let there be light	189
Before thy footstool kneeling	190
Behold how short a span	223
Behold, the great Physician stands	46
Birds have their quiet nest	61
Broken-hearted, weep no more	212
Cease here longer to detain me	242
Chamber of sickness! much to thee I owe	87
Change is written everywhere	219
Child of man, whose seed below	58

Come, let us join our friends above 253
Come, my fond, fluttering heart 66
Come to Calvary's holy mountain 54
"Come, who will," — the voice from heaven 216

Deathless principle, arise 237
Diseased in body, mind, and soul 52

Earth is the spirit's rayless cell 257
End of faith and its foundation 76
Eternity, eternity 272
Ever patient, gentle, meek 94

Father! by thy love and power 186
Father, if thou willing be 75
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost 166
For what shall I praise thee 84
Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free 72
Fountain of light and living breath 116
From every stormy wind that blows 112
From the depths of grief and fear 117
From the recesses of a lowly spirit 95
Full of trembling expectation 85

Gentle stranger! fearless come 195
Give me the voice of mirth 50
Glory to the righteous God 162
Go and tell Jesus when thy heart is glad 149
God of my life! thy boundless grace 239
"Go in peace!" — Serene dismission 57
Go to dark Gethsemane 60
Great God! what do I see and hear? 249

Haste, my spirit, fly away 235
Heal us, Emmanuel! here we are 48
Her home is far, O, far away 206
He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower 76
He that from dross would win the ore 22
Holy Saviour, friend unseen 104

How blest the righteous when he dies 241
How frail are these bodies of clay 204
How happy the sorrowful man 86
How heavily the path of life 135
How oft, upon my feverish bed 44
How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound 56
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds 176
How sweet to be allowed to pray 77

I am weary of straying, — O, fain would I rest 230
I cannot always trace the way 33
I cannot call affliction sweet 88
If all our hopes, and all our fears 226
If Christ is mine, then all is mine 185
I have been to a land, a Border-land 152
I hear the bells, I see them go 179
I hear thee speak of the better land 207
In health, O Lord, and prosperous days 153
In the dust I 'm doomed to sleep 246
In the hour of my distress 99
In the mid silence of the voiceless night 191
Is thy path lonely? fear it not 165
I would disclose my whole complaint 64
I would not live alway 228

Jesus, great healer of mankind 196
Jesus lives! my life, my joy 271
Jesus, lover of my soul 147
Jesus saved the dying thief 53
Joyful words, — we meet again! 260
Just as I am, without one plea 27
Just as thou art, without one trace 26

Know, my soul, thy full salvation 89

Lie down in peace to take thy rest 268
Life nor death shall us dissever 142
Lone, amidst the dead and dying 114
Long plunged in sorrow, I resign 159

Lord, and what shall this man do? 132
Lord God of my salvation 49
Lord, how often have I read 63
Lord, I would thank thee, if thine hand 82
Lord of earth! thy bounteous hand 138

Morn is the time to think 193
Mourner in Zion! do not weep 134
Much have I borne, but not as I should bear 69
My Father and my God 68
My feet are worn and weary with the march 256
My mother, look not on me now 244
My soul, go boldly forth 232
My spirit on thy care 103
My times are in thy hand 90
My whole, though broken heart, O Lord 91

Night is the time to muse 192
Night turns to day 258
No sickness there 251
Not in thine hours of conflict, Lord 80
Now all is done, that love, and care 199

O, cheer thee, cheer thee, suffering saint 38
Of all the thoughts of God, that are 183
Oft as the leper's case I read 42
O God, from whom my spirit came 74
O God! may I look up to thee? 110
O God, the Lord of place and time 121
O, how soft that bed must be 200
O, let my trembling soul be still 120
O, lightly, lightly tread 208
O Lord! how happy should we be 125
O Lord, my best desire fulfil 127
O Lord, our strength and righteousness 17
O my soul! what means this sadness? 24
One time I was allowed to steer 145
O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness 150
O strange infirmity! to think 129

O, sweet as vernal dews, that fill 175
O Thou, all holy, wise, and just 39
O thou faithful God of love 203
O Thou, God! who hearest prayer 137
O Thou, Majesty Divine 100
O Thou, my kind, chastising God 122
O Thou, to wisdom near allied 160
O Thou! whose gently chastening hand 32
O Thou, whose wise, paternal love 146
O, weep not for me! I can never be blest 240
O, what is life? — 'T is like a flower 221

Parting soul! the flood awaits thee 267
Peace of God, which knows no measure 81
"Perfect in love!" — Lord, can it be 121
Pilgrim! is thy journey drear? 34
Pleasant are thy courts above 178
Polar Star of life's dark sea 102
Precious Bible! what a treasure 172

Rejoice in Christ alway 123

Saviour! beneath thy yoke 18
Saviour! I can welcome sickness 31
Saviour slain, and slain for me 57
Saviour! when, in dust, to thee 97
Sickness is a hallowed season 83
Since 't is God's will, pain, take your course 128
Some murmur when their sky is clear 37
Spirit, leave thine house of clay 236
Submissive to thy will, my God 31
Such was the disciples' cry 155
Sufferer! art thou conscience-stricken 47
Sweet is the name of rest 250
Sweet Sabbath bells! I love your voice 182

Tell me of that great Physician 51
Tell me, ye wingèd winds 214
The gaudy day is dying 188

The leaves around me falling 194
The Son of David bowed to die 65
There is a calm for those who weep 262
There is a fountain filled with blood 180
There is a land of pure delight 264
There is an hour of peaceful rest 218
There is a state unknown, unseen 227
Thou art near, — yes, Lord, I feel it 140
Though sorrows rise and dangers roll 158
Thou God of glorious majesty 254
Thou man of griefs, remember me 164
Thou, who didst stoop below 156
Thou, whose never-failing arm 231
Thus saith Jesus: I will keep 28
'T is enough, — the hour is come 248
'T is my happiness below 36
'T is sweet when cloudless suns arise 163
To do, or not to do, — to have 79
To Jesus, the crown of my hope 233
To prayer, to prayer! — for the morning breaks 107
Tread softly! bow the head 246

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord 35
Wake now, my soul, and humbly hear 143
Watching, through the silent hours 43
What are these in bright array? 266
What, many times I musing asked, is man 23
What though in lonely grief I sigh 78
When anxious thoughts the bosom fill 119
When friend from friend is parting 171
When human hopes all wither 70
When I can trust my all with God 131
When, in the hours of lonely woe 154
When languor and disease invade 130
When life as opening buds is sweet 225
When morning's first and hallowed ray 213
When, my Saviour, shall I be 92
When restless on my bed I lie 40
When summer decks thy path with flowers 168

When the spark of life is waning 240
When waves of trouble round me swell 102
Where are ye with whom in life I started 261
Where burns the fireside brightest 174
Where high the heavenly temple stands 93
Whether we smile or weep 222
While I walk life's thorny road 165
Who is the weak believer, who 167
Why, when storms around you gather 126
Wish not, dear friends, my pain away 41
Within this leaf, to every eye 21
With tearful eyes I look around, ... 55
With years oppressed, with sorrows worn 201

Ye mourning sinners, here disclose 45
Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am thine 142

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

PAGE

A Better Country 264
A Father's Prayer 196
Affliction sanctified 63
A Living Sacrifice 166
Alpha and Omega 76
A Prayer in Sickness 38
As Thou wilt 75
A Thought on Death 225
Autumnal Hymn 194

Balm in Gilead 50
Behold, I was left alone 261
Be still, and know that I am God 131
Be of Good Cheer 38
Believing in Hope 167
Bethesda 169
Birth of a Child 195
By the Bedside of a Sick Child 199

Chamber of Sickness 87
Chastisement 162
Chastisement misimproved 44
Cheerful and Sad 143
Christ all-sufficient 72
Christ my Refuge 147
Christ our Example in Suffering 60

Christ our Light 102
Christ's Care 155
Christ's Discipline 150
Christ's Exhortation 58
Christ's Promise 112
Christ's Submission our Example 63
Christ's Sympathy with the Sufferer 93
Christ unchanging 219
Clinging to Jesus 104
Come unto me 55
Committing the Soul to Jesus 103, 231
Confidence in God 120
Confiding in God 125
Conformity to Christ 94
Convalescence 205
Correction needed 41
Crying to God 49
Crying to Jesus 52

Desiring to depart 232
Detained from the Sanctuary 182
Divine Peace 81

Empty and Fleeting 216
Enduring Trust 127
Evening Hymn 188
Evening Litany 186
Evening Time 189
Extreme Sufferings 85

Farewell 268
First Requests 111
Fleetness of Life 223
For a Blind Person 269
For Ever and Ever 272
For my Mother 200
Friendship with Christ 154

Glory to God 165

Go and tell Jesus 149
God appoints 165
God is Love 33, 163
God knoweth what is Best 23
God, my Helper 137
God near 140
God never faileth 142
Go in Peace 57
Grateful for Chastisement 69
Grateful for Trials 82

Heaven 251
Heaven anticipated 220
Heavenly Rest 250
He whom Christ loves 31
Home 174
Hope thou in God 126
Household Harmony 175
Hymn at the Cross 100

I am like a Broken Vessel 146
I am weary 230
If Christ is mine 185
Immortality 246
I would not live alway 228, 257

Jehovah Rophi 48
Jesus and the Soul 28
Jesus lives 271
Joy in God 213
Just as I am 27
Just as thou art 26

Let her depart 206
Lifting the Soul to God 116
Litany 95
Litany to the Holy Spirit 99
Litany to the Saviour 97
Longing for God 114

Longing to be with Christ 233
Look and live 47
Looking unto Jesus 24, 156
Lord, and what shall this man do ? 132
Lord, I believe 142
Love to Christ 158

Meditation 40
Meet again 260
Midnight Hymn 191
Mizpah 171
Morning 193
My Only Portion 138
Mystery of Chastisement 21
My Times are in thy Hand 90

Night 192
Not unclothed, but clothed upon 153

O, bring me out of my Distresses ! 164
Our Help and our Shield 121
Our Rest 256

Patience 160
Patience in Affliction 134
Peace purchased by Sufferings 61
Perfect in Love 121
Pilgrim ! is thy journey drear ? 34
Prayer for Spiritual Healing 64
Prayer for the Sick 17
Presumption and Despair 145

Rejoice alway 123
Rejoicing in Hope 89
Relying upon God 119
Remembered Afflictions 88
Renouncing the World 66
Resting on God 130
Rise and pray 105

Saints in Heaven 266
Saviour of the Dying Thief 53
School of Suffering 18
Self-renunciation 92
Sickness and Healing 204
Sickness blest 83
Sickness on the Sabbath 179
Sickness sanctified 84
Sleep 183
Spiritual Healing 45
Strength according to the Day 35
Strength perfect in Weakness 128
Submission 31
Submission and Succor 80
Suffering according to thy Will 74
Suffering sanctified 86
Suffering with Christ 159
Sufficient Grace 73
Surrender and Departure 239

Teach me to pray 110
Thankful and Unthankful 37
The Aged 201
The Aged Christian 248
The Bible 172
The Border-Land 152
The Courts of the Lord 178
The Dying Christian 235, 236
The Dying Daughter 244
The Dying Father 203
The Dying Infant 242
The Dying Son 197
The Family in Heaven and Earth 253
The Fountain 54
The Fountain opened 180
The Grave 262
The Great Physician 51, 57
The Head Sick, the Heart Faint 190

The Heavenly Rest 218
The Invitation 216
The Inquiry 214
The Leper 42
The Mercy-seat 112
The Name of Jesus 176
The Poor Man's Death-bed 246
The Refiner's Fire 22
The Righteous in Death 241
The Rod 68
The Saviour's Invitation 56
The Saviour's Sympathy 71
The Saviour's Triumph 65
The Sick Child to his Mother 207
The Sick-Room 43
The Sleeper 208
The Stranger and his Friend 210
The Sufferer looking to Christ 70
The Time is Short 222
The Time of the Dead 249
The World to come 226
Things unseen 227
Thoughts in Affliction 122
Thoughts of Eternity 254
Thou hast been my Refuge 129
Thy Will be done 76, 77, 78, 79
'T is I, be not afraid 102
To a Dying Christian 267
To Prayer 107
Trials a Blessing 36
Triumph over Death 237

Via Crucis, via Lucis 258

Waiting for the Lord 117
Watch ye 168
Weep not for me 240
What is Life ? 221

Who is alone ? 135
Wholly resigned 91
Why am I stricken ? 32
Why weepest thou ? 212
Wilt thou be made whole ? 46

THE END.